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LORD SALISBURY AT DERBY.

THE last important speech of the political year has been generally admitted to have been worthy of the occasion, both by friends and foes. Some of the friends may be aghast at its unmysterious and common-sense treatment of foreign politics—a treatment which is noticed elsewhere—and some of the foes must, as a matter of course, be shocked by its reminder that Irishmen are not all angels, but remarkably like other men, with some differences for the better, which are unfortunately not political, and some differences for the worse, which unfortunately are. But there can be little doubt that impartial opinion (and even partial opinion, when it has not had to express itself in the stereotyped terms of the party platform or the party press) has pronounced favourably on the speech, or speeches, at Derby. It has sometimes been possible and necessary to disapprove of Lord SALISBURY's actions or of his neglects of action. But the qualities which make his speech peculiarly acceptable to the persons to whom Mr. GLADSTONE's speech is of all fashions of oratory the most distasteful are almost uniformly present in his utterances. The absolute freedom from gush and cant, from equivocation and mystification—a freedom which the lovers of mystification and equivocation, of cant and gush, call pessimism, and insolence, and cynicism, and so forth—has seldom appeared better than on Monday last. Whether Lord SALISBURY was dealing with Fair-trade or with Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, with foreign policy or with Irish history, with the future of the British Empire or the present state of liberty in the British Islands, the quality and texture of the argument were equally distinguished from the quality and texture of those Separatist arguments founded on falsehood, forged in fallacy, and finished off with sophistical rhetoric which the leader of the Separatists from time to time devises, and which his followers imitate as best they may.

Little need be said as to Lord SALISBURY's dealings with Fair-trade, for the simple reason that nobody has yet discovered what Fair-trade means. It is exactly in the same position as Home Rule was not long ago; and it has been very well suggested that, if the upper or under powers give Mr. GLADSTONE life, he may be converted to the championship of the one incomprehensible as he has been converted to the championship of the other—may, indeed, have been a Fair-trader without any one knowing it and while bringing in Coercionist—that is to say, Free-trade—legislation for many years past. But Fair-trade, as distinguished from downright Protection—like Home Rule, as distinguished from Separation—belongs to the realm of juggles and shadows and Mr. GLADSTONE, not to that of facts and logic and Lord SALISBURY. It is therefore naturally fitted (and it doubtless needs only time to discover and adjust the fitness) to the party which, in the name of liberty, turns men out of Liberal clubs because they give evidence of what they have seen, and sticks knives in policemen's backs in the name of peaceful citizenship. Of Protection, which is an intelligible thing, and which may not be alien from the Tory creed as such, Lord SALISBURY had, of course, something much more definite to say, something which we discuss more fully in another place. It is perhaps desirable that Free-traders of the more uncompromising kind should pay more attention to the line of argument which Lord SALISBURY took than in the purity of their faith they are wont to do. There can be no more practical way of discouraging a return to Protection than the demon-

stration (which is easy enough and admitted as unanswerable by some who might not have been Free-traders forty years ago) that in the circumstances Protection is impracticable; that, with such a manufacturing population as England has been breeding up for this generation and a half, you cannot have Protection any more than you can put the clothes of a youth on a full-grown, perhaps an overgrown, man. This line of argument has the double advantage of being purely practical and of being free from the irritation which unfortunately accompanies the more common Free-trade argument that everybody must be either a Free-trader or a fool. Of less burning interest, but not of less importance, was the discussion in the overflow speech of the subject of emigration. It was not necessary that Lord SALISBURY should say anything new or startling on that subject; it was only necessary to recall the public mind from one of those curious reactionary excursions to which public minds are liable. No doubt a great deal of the dislike to emigration is due to mistaken or mischievous jealousy. The priests and the agitators in Ireland; the agitators, and we are afraid some ministers, in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, prefer that men should starve and rot on land which, if they had it in fee simple, would not keep them prosperous, rather than that a source of revenue and a means of influence should fail. But very different people talk about sending away the backbone of the population, and so forth. Of course, it is no use, even if colonies and foreign countries would have them, to "emigrate," as the new voice of the verb has it, mere human rubbish and offscourings. Of course, as always has happened, some at least of the strongest of the people will go. But, as Lord SALISBURY pointed out, the removal of some of the strongest will give room for the weaklings to grow strong.

The prospect which Lord SALISBURY holds up for next Session is, if not exciting, at any rate improving and satisfactory—a prospect, if not of vines and fig trees, at any rate of fertile arable land. But nobody probably knew better than the speaker that it certainly did not depend on himself whether the nation is allowed to go in and occupy that land. The "magnificent qualities" of Ireland (a phrase in which there is, no doubt, some latent taunt of a peculiarly malevolent nature) are but too likely to continue to demand attention—they certainly have not ceased to demand it at the present moment. And, therefore, Lord SALISBURY was justified in devoting the greater part of his speeches to the magnificent qualities of Ireland, and to the qualities, not perhaps quite so magnificent, but certainly shining, or at least glaring, enough, of the principal persons who now champion Ireland. And in doing this he had, of course, to repeat—indeed the greater part of life, political and other, is repetition, however great may be the demand for some new thing. When a certain fancy picture of an Ireland united in "love and lee" to England, if only the Union be dissolved, the landlords given up to the tender mercies of the tenants, and the general government of the country handed over to persons like Mr. HARRINGTON and Dr. TANNER as representatives of speech and thought, like the murderers of QUIRKE and WHELAHAN as representatives of action—when such a picture is drawn week after week, in place after place, by artists who stick at no suggestion of falsehood, and hesitate at no concealment of truth, it is necessary that the true figure should be set as often beside the false. The silly chatter, too often repeated by men who should know better, about the dreadful conduct of England to Ireland in times past would not, if every word of it were

true, supply an argument for Separation, or for the juggle which says that it is not Separation now. But it is not all true; it is in great part a false lesson of history, and the true one which Lord SALISBURY drew cannot be too often enforced in its place. And nothing could show this better than the fact that, in reference to the all important transactions of 1782, the champions of Mr. GLADSTONE have not even dared to deny the accuracy of Lord SALISBURY's account of the facts. They have called it "worse than inaccurate," which is worse than meaningless; but to do them justice they have not denied its accuracy. That it is accurate, that Ireland having on that occasion powers and opportunities rather less than those which on the least generous scheme of Home Rule it is proposed to give her, did avail herself of the combination of almost all the world to "stab England in the back," is a simple historical fact which only the most extreme ignorance or the most extreme impudence can attempt to deny. And that it is impossible to conceive any arrangement of Home Rule, except a merely illusory one, under which a repetition of similar conduct in similar crises would not be possible and easy; that certainly no such scheme, whether conceivable or not, has yet been conceived, is the first and the last argument against Home Rule itself.

THE CONSERVATIVES AND FAIR-TRADE.

LORD SALISBURY satisfied general expectation by repudiating at Derby the foolish vote which was snapped by a majority of delegates at Oxford. Not a single party leader or prominent politician has since approved of a perverse and irregular display of ignorance; but the Opposition not unnaturally affected to doubt whether Lord SALISBURY would not in some degree defer to the judgment of a considerable number of his supporters. It could not be pretended that on this question either Lord SALISBURY or any of his colleagues had been inconsistent. The last occasional schismatic left the Cabinet a year ago, and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's successor, Mr. GOSCHEN, would have furnished an additional security for the soundness of official convictions, if there had been any difference or division on the question. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL himself has since his resignation found opportunity, perhaps for the first time, to examine the doctrine or formula of Fair-trade, with the result of satisfying himself that it is but a pretentious absurdity. Economic theories have an advantage over political dogmas in admitting of demonstration. No sound understanding and much less any intellect as acute as Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's can fail to learn that artificial dearth affords no remedy for agricultural or commercial distress. Lord SALISBURY thinks it unnecessary either to explain the objection to protective duties or to show that the proposed policy would be ruinous to the Conservative cause, even if it were otherwise practicable. It is enough for him to declare that he cannot either support or confute the doctrine of Fair-trade because he has not succeeded in understanding its meaning. The Fair-traders, as he says, are agreed on some points, and on some points their language is precise, but when they are precise they are not agreed, and when they are agreed they are not precise. When they embody their scheme in the draft of a Bill, Lord SALISBURY will give it due consideration. The pledge may be safely given, because the Fair-traders are not likely to comply with the condition. Mr. HOWARD VINCENT will not be deterred from prosecuting his agitation by the proof that it must be barren of results. It may be hoped that his followers, if not himself, will take warning by the rebuff administered at Derby. The most sanguine pretender to notoriety can scarcely hope to restore Protection in direct opposition to both the great parties of the State.

Both employers and workmen in one important branch of industry will have heard with pleasure that all, or nearly all, of the members of the Conference on Trade Bounties have concurred in condemning the system, and have recommended its abandonment by their respective Governments. There has been a recent controversy on the subject between two sound economists—Mr. LEVESON GOWER, who holds that the bounties are beneficial to England, and Sir LOUIS MALLET, who perhaps only means to contend, with good reason, that they are thoroughly vicious in principle. Lord SALISBURY, agreeing with Sir LOUIS MALLET, asserts that on this matter "we have not only not been false to the principles of "Free-trade, but we have given the strongest support to the

"doctrines of Free-trade, because we have induced other "nations to be Free-traders as well as ourselves." Mr. LEVESON GOWER might reply that it is not the business of patriotic economists to communicate their valuable secrets to foreign rivals. The bounties assuredly benefit those to whom commodities are gratuitously cheapened; and, although they are inconsistent with the principles of Free-trade, the sufferers are the paymasters and not the recipients. It is possible that the abandonment of the system may render trade, in some respects, steadier and safer; but the success of the Conference will add to the price of sugar in every village shop in England. There are other instances in which the interests of England are not necessarily identical with success in converting foreign nations. If the movement in the United States which has been initiated or furthered by the PRESIDENT ultimately succeeds, the approximate monopoly of ship-building, and the preponderance of English trade in neutral markets, will, in all probability, be seriously affected. The gainer by conversion to the true faith is, for the most part, the convert, and not those who have profited by his self-imposed disabilities. The mention of the Sugar Bounties was but an episode in Lord SALISBURY's speech. His much more important rejection of Fair-trade may probably have been welcomed by many of those who were supposed to favour the new form of Protection. Lord DUNRAVEN had already remonstrated with the intruders who attempted to force their crude policy on the Government, and especially on the PRIME MINISTER. It is surprising that an experienced politician of Lord DUNRAVEN's abilities and acquirements should have wavered in his adherence to sound economic principles. He now shows that he understands better political expediency, and, as a branch of the subject, party discipline.

Those who need additional arguments against protective duties may study with advantage an address lately delivered by Sir LYON PLAYFAIR to his constituents at Leeds. They will not pay too high a price for much useful information in the necessity of wading through a dreary preamble of party invective. It is an ancient commonplace that all men are not able to do all things. So Sir LYON PLAYFAIR is an admirable lecturer on statistical and scientific topics. As a popular orator he has some defects which are not of the worst kind in comparison with the faults of some of his allies and former colleagues. If it sounds harsh to say that Sir LYON PLAYFAIR's speeches are not always graceful, the word "gracious" may, if it is preferred, be conveniently substituted. It was Sir LYON PLAYFAIR who, being then member for two Scotch Universities, publicly warned his constituents that they were likely to be disfranchised if in future they failed to return a Liberal member by a more decisive majority. As Chairman of Committees, Sir LYON PLAYFAIR, though he was painstaking and upright, failed to make himself generally acceptable to the House. In dealing with opponents he is, as might be expected, less anxious to please than when he addresses either his supporters or a mixed audience. He is not violent, or inconsistent, or insincere, but he has a kind of sourness which tends to repel the sympathies of impartial critics. At Leeds he would have been well advised in proceeding straight to the main subject of his discourse, instead of stopping to denounce his Conservative adversaries. His attack was happily for once confined to the Free-trade controversy, and Ireland was scarcely once mentioned. As Protection is not a party Conservative doctrine, it was necessary to construct a lay figure before knocking it down. During the persecution of the Jansenists the main controversy was not as to the soundness of their alleged opinions on free-will and justification, but whether they held doctrines which they earnestly disclaimed. Sir LYON PLAYFAIR is as obstinate as the Jesuit disputants in his contention that his opponents must be heretical, even when their language is strictly orthodox. It cannot be ascertained whether, if he had spoken a week later, he would have been satisfied with Lord SALISBURY's contemptuous disclaimer of agreement in propositions which, according to his own account, he has never been able to understand. At Leeds Sir LYON PLAYFAIR affected to treat the Oxford delegates as the true representatives of the Conservative party. He could not contend that the leaders have approved of Mr. HOWARD VINCENT and his resolutions, but he nevertheless asserted that the great body of the Tory party has "thrown down the gauntlet," and of course it follows that he and his friends are bound to take it up. In another sentence he became still more imaginatively figurative, and accordingly he changed his metaphor. "The lamp "of Fair-trade is no doubt a flickering light around which

"we have seen the Tory leaders buzzing like moths, and 'some of them have got their wings seriously singed.' Fair-trade may be a flickering light, if it is a light at all. Moths of some kinds may possibly buzz; but the Tory leaders have either been silent or have denounced Fair-trade. Sir LYON PLAYFAIR proceeded to ridicule Mr. CHAPLIN's new doctrine of bimetalism, which is a much less simple theory than Fair-trade. Having exhausted his stock of criticisms and personalities, Sir LYON PLAYFAIR delivered a highly instructive speech on the material conditions of trade and on the errors of the Protectionist theory.

Farmers and landowners of Protectionist proclivities will not find their alarms allayed by statements of the extreme cheapness of modern conveyance, accompanied by striking illustrations. A street boy, as Sir LYON PLAYFAIR said, would think a farthing but a shabby payment for carrying a parcel across the street; but "American railways will 'haul 2,000 lbs. of grain two miles for much less than a 'farthing.'" Some of the other figures which the speaker quoted may perhaps be more consolatory. It seems that the American farmers complain that they are undersold by Indian grain, which also competes with domestic produce in England. There can be no more conclusive answer to those who prefer the American fiscal system to that of England than the statement that last year England sent out exports to the value of 212 millions, and America only 23 millions. It is perhaps a necessary result of the questionable system of government by party that a highly qualified public teacher cannot, or will not, enunciate sound doctrines, except for the real or ostensible purpose of injuring some body of political opponents. An economist and statistical student of Sir LYON PLAYFAIR's eminence must really care more for the important truths which he promulgates than for petty triumphs over adversaries who are not always professed opponents. The habit of giving a polemical tone to every proposition and every argument is not conducive to persuasion. When a sound doctrine is embodied in a taunt, it becomes unpalatable to those who might otherwise become loyal and candid disciples. The truths of political economy will always ultimately make their way, but their acceptance is impeded by the introduction of angry controversy. Lord SALISBURY at Derby probably converted hesitating Fair-traders by hundreds or by thousands, because his hearers were more concerned to learn his intentions than to study the more recondite doctrines of Free-trade.

FALSTAFF IN A FURY.

THERE is no doubt a good deal to be said for the comparison instituted, we believe, by Mr. GOSCHEN between Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and FALSTAFF. The superficial resemblances indeed between the two knights may be said to leap into view. Both are men—for we may surely use the present tense of an immortal—of commanding presence and high social consideration, one the companion, the other the kinsman, of princes. Both are men of approved valour, whatever any impertinent POINS may assert to the contrary; both are of eminent veracity, both hold fast by the same romantic standard of honour. Sir WILLIAM, like Sir JOHN, hath a pretty wit, and excels like him in the art of voluble vituperation. The former, again, can be as jovial when things are going well with him as the latter, and has more than once shown himself capable of the same modest assurance under circumstances which might have put weaker men to the blush. Still, we have always felt, for our own part, that the parallel did injustice in many particulars to Sir JOHN; and Sir WILLIAM has just been good enough to bring out one of the points of his inferiority into strong relief. He is not possessed of the other knight's imperturbable temper, and this deficiency places him, it is needless to say, at an immense disadvantage. FALSTAFF might be worsted in a wit combat with Prince HAL, but he would never have emphasized and advertised the fact by a display of irritation. He would have carried off his defeat with unruffled good humour, and no one would have been able to guess from his demeanour, at any rate, that he was conscious of having got the worst of it. Not so the FALSTAFF *de nos jours*. He has just received a smart and stinging, but perfectly unimpassioned, castigation at the hands of Lord SALISBURY, and it has proved too much for his self-control. No one who reads his speech of last Tuesday at Gloucester can entertain a moment's doubt that the man who delivered

it was in a towering rage. The painful fact is rendered the more conspicuous by reason of its peculiar incongruity of contrast with the orator's habitual manner. To fly into a passion when it is of the first importance to keep cool is always to make yourself ridiculous; but to do so when it is your business to be not only cool, but merry; to have to crack jokes when you would much prefer to explode in maledictions; to be obliged to contort your lips into a smile when you can hardly keep from grinding your teeth—this is to present a spectacle which approaches in everything but dignity to the limits of the tragic.

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, however, displays a certain method even in his madness. In the very tempest and whirlwind of his passion he manifests a shrewd sense of the fact that his latest assailant is also his most formidable, and that, on the whole, the less he has to say by way of reply to him the better. Accordingly, in his speech at Gloucester there was considerably less about Lord SALISBURY, who had attacked him last, than about Mr. BALFOUR, who had not. Upon the former he bestowed a few venomous taunts, much blunted by his too obvious desire to wound, and then went on to relieve his own wounded feelings by an elaborate attack on the latter. Much of the larger part of this, however, is mere foaming at the mouth—mere wrathful repetition of the grave censure passed, with due deliberation and sobriety, by Mr. BALFOUR, at Manchester, upon the Gladstonian methods of controversy—and repetition, which does not, except in one ridiculously forced and strained example, pretend to be retaliation. This example, however, was apt enough in one respect, for nothing could have better illustrated the desperate straits in which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has been put for some specific charge whereon to found his incoherent *tu quoque*. Mr. BALFOUR made a mistake in saying that the man BARRETT had been convicted of resisting the police when, in fact, he had been tried and acquitted on that charge; and, having discovered his error, the CHIEF SECRETARY wrote promptly and properly to the newspapers to withdraw the statement and to express his regret for having made it. And this *amende*—immediate, spontaneous, and unreserved—is compared by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to the miserable shuffle wrung, after a proper apology had been once demanded of him and refused, from Mr. GLADSTONE by Colonel DOPPING! In certain days, when this faithful follower of Mr. GLADSTONE had prematurely concluded that the "leader whom he had never betrayed" had fallen never to rise again, and when the temptation to kick him accordingly became irresistible, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was once rash enough to air his acquaintance with the writings of the Casuists—with the result, as we all remember, of proving to his own aching satisfaction that his leader was very much alive. But he must have since acquired an astonishing mastery of the art of these doctors if he is prepared to establish an ethical analogy between the two cases compared. Shall we point out to him, as he seems to have missed it, the not unimportant distinctions between them? Or rather, to bring it home more easily to his comprehension, shall we show him what Mr. BALFOUR ought to have done in BARRETT's case to put it on all fours with that of Mr. GLADSTONE and Colonel DOPPING. In the first place, he ought to have done nothing at all until he received a protest from the injured man, and to that protest he should have replied in the first instance by informing his correspondent in a high and mighty fashion that he "would do what justice might seem 'to require.'" Then, after having satisfied himself that the unpleasant consequence of an action at law would follow unless he withdrew the false charge, he should have prostrated himself abjectly at PAT BARRETT's feet and delivered himself somewhat as follows:—"I said that 'a man named 'BARRETT was charged with resisting the officers of the 'law,' and that was true. I said that he was 'properly 'arrested,' but by that I only meant that it was proper for 'the police to arrest him if they honestly thought he was 'guilty of having resisted them. I do not think I ever 'said that he was 'properly condemned,' though I might 'have applied those words to the conduct of which 'he was, I am glad to hear, unjustly accused. I have 'no recollection of saying 'I believe that nobody believes 'that he pretends that he did not resist the officers of the 'law,' but if I did say this I must have certainly intended 'to lay the stress on the word 'pretends,' and have meant 'that nobody believed that BARRETT's denial of the charge 'against him was a mere pretence.'" Subject to the trifling alterations required to substitute the above for the letter which Mr. BALFOUR actually wrote, and to the further sup-

position that, instead of writing it immediately, he had waited for the pistol of a lawyer's letter to be presented at his head, the cases of Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. GLADSTONE would then have been very like each other, especially Mr. GLADSTONE'S.

We have devoted, we are well aware, a good deal more space to this particular part of Sir WILLIAM'S performance than its importance deserves, but matters unimportant themselves are often of the highest significance as illustrations of character, and the fact that, of all Mr. GLADSTONE'S lieutenants, many of them men who have struck the word "squeamish" out of their dictionaries, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is the only one who has in any sense of the phrase had stomach for the fight necessary to be made for his venerable chief *in re* Colonel DOPPING is a fact which speaks volumes. Even this robust advocate can only bring himself to defend Mr. GLADSTONE'S slander-and-scuttle performance indirectly, and by means of the preposterous imputation of similar conduct to Mr. BALFOUR; but it is eminently characteristic of him that he should have so much as ventured to handle a subject which all his colleagues, even down to the least scrupulous among them, have tacitly agreed to let alone. It is certainly not worth while to notice the feeble violence of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S attacks on Lord SALISBURY himself at any length; but it may perhaps be desirable to bestow a passing word or two on his singularly honest commentary on Lord SALISBURY'S references to the invariable part played by Ireland in the various crises of English history, and to its inevitable consequences. Lord SALISBURY had simply and with perfect accuracy said that the severities of ELIZABETH, of CROMWELL, and of WILLIAM III. were nothing more than the natural endeavours of English statesmanship to protect the Empire for the future against an assailant whose boast it was that England's extremity was Ireland's opportunity. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT may or may not like the argument, but to describe the reasoner who has used it as "gloating 'over the outrages' inflicted on the Irish by the above-named is indirectly to describe himself as—doing what we ourselves will not directly describe. His distortions of an opponent's historical argument were, moreover, a gratuitous waste of the time which he should devote to the revision of his own historical or rather unhistorical statements. Mr. EDWARD HERRIES has just pointed out to him that between November 1798 and April 1799 there is an interval of only five months, while there is one of only two months between February 1800 and April of the same year; and that since, inasmuch as Fox was taking an active part in Parliament down to the last week of the Parliamentary recess which preceded the Session of 1798-9, and delivered a speech filling forty-four columns of the "Parliamentary History" in February 1800, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is a little out in his chronology in saying that on either of the two occasions when the question of the Union came before Parliament Mr. Fox had been absent "for four or five years" from the House of Commons. Shall we hear from "Historicus" again on the subject? We hardly think so.

TEEPOO.

"EX Africa semper aliquid novi," or, as a scholarly critic renders it, "You can always get a novel out 'of South Africa.'" The curious tale of TEEPOO and Mr. BETHELL, now occupying the law courts, is an example of South African resource in materials for fiction. Mr. BETHELL'S career in a distracted country where we show to no advantage was chequered. He had been a "Resident" at a native Court, he had kept a store, he had been made an Inspector of Police, and he was shot by Boers. This was three years ago. Shortly after his death a native lady, named TEEPOO, bore a daughter, of whom Mr. BETHELL was the father.

Was Mr. BETHELL married to TEEPOO?

That is the question whereon another question of property depends. The general problem is more interesting, because since the days of ULYSSES white men have been marrying goddesses and ladies of every shade of colour and then flying from them homewards. Were these white men married? ULYSSES, of course, had a wife already; besides, we do not hear that he went through any religious ceremony with CIRCE. Nor did Mr. BETHELL with TEEPOO. For that neglect, according to MONTSIOA, the Baralong chief, there was a good reason. The Baralongs "have no

"religion." This will startle Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, nor can we accept MONTSIOA'S security. He is not a student of comparative religions, and he probably never meant to say that his people have no faith in the supernatural, no prayers, no observances at all. But their marriage ceremony is like none that we wot of. The bridegroom kills and skins an ox, a sheep, and a deer, and sends the skins, with the ox's head, to the mother of the bride. That is all. One sees no symbolism in it, as in *confarreatio*, or in eating a quince together, or in exchanging wreaths like the Gandharvas, or in jumping over a stick like the Tinkers, or in riding away and being pursued like the Tartar girls, or in going to bed in a false beard like the Argive maidens, or in the Samian custom, which was that of rural Scotland, or in parting the bride's hair with a spear-point like the Romans. What has the mother-in-law to do with the ox's head? May the bridegroom ever speak to her? In most savage countries he may not. Is the head to prove that he can carve at dinner, and that the Baralong maid will be spared the trouble? Perhaps some traveller may be able to explain. Mr. BETHELL might have made things easier all round by taking TEEPOO to church, poor girl! When Sir HARRY CURTIS married NYLEPHTHA with the English and native ceremonies, he made it a safe thing. When LEO merely kissed USTANE, for all ceremony, matters ended less happily. Mr. BETHELL announced that he was a Baralong, and would do as Baralongs did. His intentions were honourable, but his execution of them left much to be desired. The sympathy of every one, in any case, is with his bride, so early a widow, and so deeply involved in customs more perplexing, and perhaps not more rational, than those of the polygamous but kindly Baralong.

THE INSPECTION OF THEATRES.

A DISTINCT advance has been made towards providing for the safety of theatre-goers both in France and England within this last fortnight. The sentence on M. CARVALHO of the Opéra Comique and on the fireman ANDRÉ may not appear severe punishment for causing the death of some three hundred persons. Imprisonment for three months and one month look light punishments for the offence. But substantially they are severe penalties, for they entail something like ruin, and M. CARVALHO is heavily mulcted in damages. Even if the sentence on this gentleman had been much lighter, it would still have been of excellent example, since it establishes a precedent for the punishment of managers who knowingly keep open a dangerous house. It is true that M. CARVALHO is not alone to blame. In common justice the Ministry of Fine Arts should share his stripes, and he has properly enough been allowed to benefit on that account. He did try to get some improvements adopted by official authority, without success. But, although this effort had been justly allowed to stand to his credit, he was none the less responsible. He continued to take money for admittance to a building which he knew to be unsafe, and no connivance on the part of others, who ought to have stopped him, can save him from the blame. The necessity of making an example must have been all the more obvious to the French police-court because it is a matter of common notoriety that for years past the Ministry of Fine Arts has been copiously supplied with orders for first nights by managers who had reasons for keeping it in good humour.

Orders for first or other nights come in very excellently here to supply a transition from France to England. The hopeful signs for the British playgoer, which may be discerned without a too confiding trust, are closely connected with orders. A deputation which waited on Mr. MATTHEWS last week to ask that the authority which is to be set over theatrical managers may not be the Metropolitan Board of Works had a good deal to say about these presents. We do not propose to go into the charge against Mr. HEBB, either for the purpose of pitying the poor manager of Drury Lane, or in order to show that Mr. WEBB, member of the Board, spoke with the feelings of a good family man when he said that the assistant-architect of that great body had merely played the kind father in trying "to provide amusement for his own little children." It is unnecessary to inquire whether Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS would not have done better to adopt at once the sensible and business-like course taken by Mr. HARE when he was asked to provide amusement for Mr. HEBB'S little children. It is

also superfluous to inquire whether the Metropolitan Board of Works is elected and organized on satisfactory principles. The question at issue is more limited. It is simply whether the Board is the right kind of authority to inspect theatres in London. On this point we entirely agree with the deputation. The gentlemen who composed it spoke with knowledge. If they had desired to make Mr. MATTHEWS understand how bad theatres are made, and licensed by local authorities, there were some among them who could have spoken with all the authority of a recent and convincing experience at Exeter. There may be some difference of opinion as to the part of the court from which their statement in a perfectly organized community would have been made. In this case it was made from the witness-box. The contention of the deputation was that the Metropolitan Board of Works is an improper inspecting authority, because it is local, because it is only a magnified vestry—with a vestry's standard of honour, manners, and efficiency—and because it is entirely ignorant of the work it ought to perform. On the first head we do not know that there is any possible answer. If the Metropolitan Board is to have authority in London, other similar bodies must exercise it in the provinces, and we shall perpetuate the existing divisions and irregularities. The architect of the Exeter Theatre could have explained to Mr. MATTHEWS how easy it is to elude the regulations of the Metropolitan Board, even when the local authority has ordered them to be obeyed. As to the second contention of the deputation, the Board lost no time in supporting it by adequate evidence. It held a meeting the very next day, and proved that it is a vestry. The third contention is equally sound. There is no evidence to show that the licensing magistrates of Exeter were persons of less intelligence or conscience than Mr. J. WEBB and Mr. JOHN JONES of the Metropolitan Board, and yet they were led by the nose as easily as asses are to believe that things had been done which had not been done. A licensing authority of that stamp can be trusted to do no more than fuss over things it does not understand, and may be thanked when it does not "provide amusement" for its little children" by sturdy begging. If the efforts now being made to establish a proper inspection in theatres are not to end in mere talk, it must be by the appointment of a general authority under a responsible head, which will apply the same rules in all parts of the country, and employ competent independent officers. It is satisfactory to find that theatrical managers are as eager to see such an authority at work as the public themselves could be.

DELAGOA BAY.

A LETTER of Mr. RIDER HAGGARD's to the *Times* on the Delagoa Bay Railway may perhaps excite attention as expressing the opinions of a popular author. Other correspondents had already pointed out the dangers which threaten English commerce and influence in South Africa. Mr. RIDER HAGGARD is not only thoroughly acquainted with the actual political state of South Africa, but also naturally takes an interest in the continent which he has peopled with imaginary heroes, princesses, and kingdoms. His present contention is sufficiently serious, and the dangers which he apprehends cannot have escaped the notice of the English Government. Whether or not it is, as Mr. RIDER HAGGARD fears, too late to correct a series of ruinous blunders, it is right that the causes and conditions of a perilous situation should be understood by all who may directly or indirectly have a voice in the matter. The right of preemption which should have been, and apparently was, reserved to England in the case of Delagoa Bay would prevent some at least of the mischief feared. The origin and growth of the Colonial Empire can scarcely be attributed to the prescient wisdom of statesmen; but the risk of rupture with English settlers in outlying dependencies has been averted or largely reduced by the concession to the great colonies of responsible or approximately independent government. When colonial relations have been embarrassed by the presence of a foreign element in the population, the Imperial policy has not been less successful. The difficulty of dealing with native tribes has been equally perplexing. In South Africa almost all possible complications have occurred, and there is perhaps no other part of the world in which English statesmanship has been so systematically defective. The loyalty of the Dutch population has been alienated, and unfriendly emigrants from the Cape have been allowed

and encouraged to establish independent States. The natives have been sometimes capriciously deserted, and in more than one instance wantonly attacked. Mr. FROUDE's indictment of the Imperial Government in *Oceana* may in some respects admit of an answer, but his critics would generally agree in the main conclusion that invaluable opportunities have been worse than wasted.

By a kind of poetical justice—if it is just that nations should pay for the crimes and follies of their rulers—the basest and silliest event of recent English history has been also the most pernicious to the country which was responsible for the acts of its chosen Minister. The cowardly surrender of the sovereignty of the Transvaal immediately after a trivial defeat has been followed by uninterrupted failure and disgrace. The Boers, not unreasonably, have since assumed the air of conquerors, and, in defiance of English remonstrance, they have extended their dominion over one-half of the Zulu territory which was virtually subject to an English Protectorate. The injustice, the bad faith, and the sentimental folly which distinguished the treatment of CETEWAYO and his family have not yet exhausted their mischievous effects. His son was, according to the latest accounts, seeking aid from the Boers of the so-called New Republic against rivals whose territories are at least nominally protected by the Imperial Government. His request will be granted or rejected according to the estimate which his Boer patrons may form of the firmness and intelligence of the English Government and its local representatives. It may be hoped that they will recognize the tenure of the Colonial Office by a Minister who knows the circumstances and history of South Africa as of other colonies. It is useless to look back to the time when the nominally independent Boer States were virtually dependent on England for protection against CETEWAYO and SECOCOENI. Instead of taking advantage of a commanding position, the Imperial Government, without provocation, crushed the enemies whom the Transvaal was incapable of resisting, and then found, as might be expected, that the late suppliants for protection eagerly withdrew their application. Then followed Mr. GLADSTONE's war with the Transvaal, and the shameful peace which followed the surrender of Majuba. The policy of humiliation has since proved itself costly as well as mortifying, and it still contains the seeds of possible and probable danger. The negotiations on the concession of a railway to Delagoa Bay are largely affected by the notorious capitulation.

Delagoa Bay, as it is said to be one of the most commodious harbours in the world, ought evidently to be connected by one or more railways with the interior of the continent. The work would probably have been completed long ago if the coast had not belonged to Portugal, or if the port and the line of railway had been included in the same dominion. As Mr. RIDER HAGGARD justly remarks, the question of ownership would have possessed but secondary importance if the territory which now belongs to the Transvaal had remained subject to Great Britain. Although the maritime terminus would have been Portuguese property, no railway could have led to any place outside the British dominions. There would have been an opportunity for partially correcting the oversight of interposing foreign territory between the English possessions and their natural outlet if the second recognition of the independence of the Transvaal had been accompanied by reasonable stipulations. The new State could have made no plausible objection to a recognition of a right of way and a concession of the necessary land for a railway to Delagoa Bay; but the English Government was in such a hurry to run away that the interests of its subjects were utterly forgotten. A railway through the Transvaal will, by hostile tariffs or by other methods, be practically closed to British trade. As the Boer population is almost exclusively agricultural, it is doubtful whether the railway will greatly add to the commercial prosperity of the Transvaal itself. However this may be, it will divert the natural course of general trade. It is not certain whether at any former time the Portuguese could have been induced to cede Delagoa Bay to the English Government. It is certain that it would now be held with a tenacity proportionate to its commercial value. Its owners, if they understood their own interests, would prefer a connexion with the English Colonies to exclusive dependence on the trade of the Dutch Republics; but apparently there will no longer be any choice.

The discoveries of gold in South Africa, and especially in the Transvaal, may not improbably affect the political relations of the Boer States with the English Colonies. The

production of gold has so far exceeded expectation, and the only doubt as to the further progress of mining enterprise is caused by the impossibility or difficulty of ascertaining the extent of the auriferous reefs. It is not forgotten that the treasures of California and Australia were exhausted in a few years, and that since the first modern discoveries gold has, on the whole, become scarcer and dearer. On the other hand, the miners and adventurers who have resorted to the Transvaal diggings are more and more confident of the unlimited success of their industry. The population of the mining districts rapidly increases, and there is no early prospect of a check of immigration. The miners and the capitalists who have embarked their property in the speculation are almost exclusively English. The Boers have hitherto adhered obstinately to their customary modes of life. Long since they left the colony for the unoccupied pastures of the east, for the sake of continuing their patriarchal life, surrounded by native servants, whom they were accused of treating as slaves. Their farms of six thousand acres provide them with all the comforts and luxuries which they require; and probably but few of them would be content to undertake a struggle for existence in the mining towns, even with the prospect of acquiring considerable wealth. For these reasons the preponderance of the Dutch population over the English is likely within a very few years to be reversed. It is certain that the gold-mining population will refuse to be governed by unsympathetic foreigners of entirely different propensities and habits. In the contingency of disputes, resulting perhaps in petty civil wars, the larger number will eventually prevail. The almost necessary consequence will be the annexation to the English dominions of the gold-bearing districts, if not of the rest of the Transvaal. The arrangements which may have been made with the Portuguese rulers of Delagoa would in that case be modified. An industrial community would insist on opening markets for its produce.

The possible recovery of English influence, if not of territorial sovereignty, might be regarded with complacency but for a serious danger which is indicated by Mr. RIDER HAGGARD and by many other writers. The most salient point in the antagonism between the English and Dutch inhabitants of South Africa is the different mode of treating and regarding the natives. The English authorities have, indeed, often been guilty of injustice, and nothing which the Boers have done has involved so monstrous a wrong as the Zulu war; but, on the whole, the Dutch farmers adhere to their old domestic institutions, and they resent interference with their customary supply of agricultural labour. It is not impossible that, if through the increase of the gold-mining population they find their own supremacy threatened, they may ask for the protection of Germany. The recent desire for colonial expansion which has been promoted by Prince BISMARCK has more than once threatened to affect English rights and interests; but, on the whole, it has hitherto been harmless. The possession of the Transvaal and of Delagoa Bay by a great European Power would be both injurious and alarming. If such a measure as the establishment of a German Protectorate in the Transvaal were accomplished, or even contemplated, it would raise a question whether it would be necessary to submit. The English Government has more or less willingly acquiesced in the occupation of worthless posts on the West Coast of Africa, and it has witnessed without remonstrance the partial expropriation in Eastern Equatorial Africa of the Sultan of ZANZIBAR. The Germans have also been made welcome to the possession of a barbarous part of New Guinea which is incapable of maintaining a European population. German emigrants and traders have shown little disposition to profit by the ambitious efforts of their Government. It is a question whether a German Protectorate in the Transvaal would be compatible with the maintenance of friendly relations. Any foreign claim of sovereignty over an English population could only be asserted by superior force. It happens that in no part of the world is an Englishman subject to an alien ruler. The people of the United States must for this purpose be regarded as English.

JUDICIAL CLAPTRAP.

ENOUGH, perhaps too much, has been said about the crime of which PHILIP CROSS was convicted at the Cork Assizes last Saturday. It was as bad a case of deliberately cruel murder as this generation has known, and the prisoner

richly deserves the gallows. But the mode in which the trial was conducted has not, so far as we are aware, received the attention it, in our opinion, merits. We do not for a moment suggest that Cross is innocent. The evidence against him, especially the medical evidence, was clear and conclusive. The evidence in his favour was feeble and not difficult to reconcile with his guilt. What we do say is that the manner in which Mr. Justice MURPHY addressed the jury was a manner very much to be avoided by judges, and might well have led to the conviction of an innocent man. Nor was the judge's charge the only remarkable feature of the trial. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL for IRELAND enjoys a high reputation as a lawyer, and in the House of Commons, where rhetoric is at a premium, he is certainly not prone to the use of heroic or impassioned eloquence. But he conducted the prosecution of Cross with an animation which was quite unnecessary, and would in this country be thought highly unbecoming. It is a tradition of the English Bar that counsel for the Crown should not press for a verdict or seek to influence the minds of the jury against the prisoner, but confine himself to taking care that all the material evidence, so connected and explained as to make an intelligible narrative, is laid before the Court. That this sort of advocacy is not only always the most proper, but often the most effective, every lawyer of experience knows. To mention only one instance out of many, the late Sir JOHN HOLKER became famous, when he was a Law Officer of the Crown, for his deadly moderation as a prosecutor. Mr. GIBSON is presumably acquainted with the tastes of Irish juries and with the customs of the Irish Bar. But it does not seem to us that his style of advocacy is particularly well adapted to assist justice and bring out the truth. Where, however, the judge does his duty, the language and demeanour of counsel are comparatively unimportant. Mr. Justice MURPHY must have been well aware that an unusually grave responsibility rested upon him. The case was surrounded with prejudice. Whether Cross had poisoned his wife or not, he had undoubtedly neglected and ill-treated her. He left her for another woman, whom he seduced, and whom he married within a fortnight after his first wife's death. He had been boycotted, and was unpopular with his equals as well as with his inferiors. But a judge having to deal with a capital charge against such a man was bound to put away all indirect considerations, to abstain from anything like the language of passion or emotion, to content himself with a close analysis of the facts proved before him. It is not too much to say that Mr. Justice MURPHY did exactly the contrary.

It was part of the argument against Cross, and no doubt a very strong part, that he not only called in no other doctor to see his wife, but excluded all her friends from her bedroom. It was a fair question for the jury whether this anxiety for concealment implied guilt or was consistent with innocence. How did Mr. Justice MURPHY deal with it? Chiefly in a series of rhetorical questions. "Did it arise from want of means? No. From ignorance? No. From over-confidence in the staying powers of life? No. Consider the prisoner's relations with 'this person' 'SKINNER.' Did his late wife get a fair chance for her 'life? . . . Was it right to leave her to the casual attention of servants on the chance of hearing a bell ringing in 'the hall at night? Would a mother so treat her child? 'Would a son or daughter so treat her mother? and 'should a husband allow a wife to be so treated?' Mr. Justice MURPHY did, indeed, go on to say that they were not trying Cross for indifference or neglect. But formal disclaimers of this kind, introduced into the midst of excited appeals to natural sentiment, attract little serious attention and have no practical effect. Mr. Justice MURPHY soon relapsed into the emotional vein. "It was an appalling 'scene,' he said, 'the night of the death. The husband 'was alone in the bedroom, and a scream was heard, and 'heard again; and the sister, according to her account, 'summoned to the room. The wife of eighteen years was 'dead, the only attendant being the husband; so it might 'perhaps be with a loving husband. But was he a loving 'husband? If he was not a loving husband, he had no 'right to be there." This is pernicious claptrap, which might in other circumstances have led to a grave miscarriage of justice. Cross had no right to be with his wife because he was engaged in poisoning her. But he might have been a callous and indifferent husband without being a murderer. We repeat that we do not regard the guilt of Cross as open to any reasonable doubt, and it may be that, if the facts had been less plain, Mr. Justice MURPHY would

have been more circumspect. It is, however, a serious evil that passionate harangues should be delivered by judges at criminal trials. The indignation which irresponsible persons are free to express against a heartless villain is out of place in the mouth of his judge before the jury have found their verdict. A judge is supposed to be above the prejudices of a local jury, and to consider even the evidence only as it bears upon the guilt or innocence of the accused. There was not the slightest need for oratory or emphasis in the case of Cross. Nothing could make his crime look blacker than it really was. There was not the smallest chance of any jurymen being led astray by sympathy with the wretch in the dock. The sensationalism which is making such havoc of the press, the pulpit, and the platform, might at least be excluded from the judicial Bench.

THE PROSPECT IN FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

IT is perhaps fortunate that there are now not very many people who retain the amiable respect for "that gigantic engine, the daily press," which used to be entertained in times which we can all of us remember. Otherwise the belief in idols—a thing always to be respected—must have been terribly shaken by the comments of the gigantic engine on the foreign-policy part of Lord SALISBURY's speech at Derby. We do not, we need hardly say, speak of that part of the press which is opposed to Lord SALISBURY—dissatisfaction there is simply a quite unobjectionable playing of the game. But the political or social philosopher who first reads what has been said about what Lord SALISBURY said and then reads what Lord SALISBURY did say (an inversion of the natural order sometimes to be recommended) may indulge, according as he is minded, either in a few minutes' genuine contempt or in a few minutes' genuine pity for some of his fellow-creatures. Lord SALISBURY, it seems, was "not very reassuring," he was "disappointing," he was "perfunctory," he was "flippant," he was this and that and the other; while some of the pundits have done more than shake their beards—they have simply stormed at him. Yet, when the impartial inquirer comes to examine what the PRIME MINISTER has said to cause this pother, he finds that Lord SALISBURY has simply done once more what he has often done before, and what—notwithstanding not a few shortcomings, such as, for instance, the lamentable dropping of resolute government in Ireland two years ago, which has given occasion to so much blasphemy—will always, with all competent judges, rank him high among the highest of his contemporaries. That is to say, he has cleared the public mind of cant. Those who delight to keep up the absurd delusion against which we here have been fighting for years, and intend to go on fighting, that there is anything in "private information" on foreign policy, in back-stairs tittle-tattle as to what the Duke said to JERNIGAN when he asked for his garters and as to the exact reply which JERNIGAN made, are naturally outraged at the cool, clear, common-sense exposure of the truth which one of the five or six best informed men in Europe makes. "I don't think there will be war," says Lord SALISBURY in effect, "but I really don't know. Nobody, I think, in high places wishes for war; but there are all sorts of streams of tendency making for it which those in high places may not be able to check. One thing you may be sure of, that when there is going to be war you won't hear much of it beforehand." Now the whole stock-in-trade of the quidnuncs is the general belief that you will know it beforehand if you go to the right people—not, of course, if you go to the wrong. It is so easy to advertise or affect acquaintance with the right people, and so difficult to acquire and maintain a reputation for judging facts with independent and acute judgment. Yet Lord SALISBURY, false to every tradition, at once of TAPER and TADPOLE, at once of WENHAM and WAGO, says, "Here are the facts; they are very simple; you can judge them (if you have any brains) as well as I can, and all I can say is, that I do not think any important person wants war, but it may come any day." It is not the first time that Lord SALISBURY's unconquerable, if sometimes impolitic, dislike to charlatanism has brought him into trouble.

The facts—to quit mere comments on them—remain very much the same as when we last discussed them; but what alteration there has been in them has been a little for the worse. The now famous article in the *Invalide Russe* is, of course, to be taken with more than a grain—with a large handful—of salt. But it is impossible to forget that it takes up exactly the same strain after the supposed explanation between the Czar and Prince BISMARCK which was

raised by General GOURKO before that explanation; and the flagrant absurdity of its wolf and lamb apologies is not likely to deceive any one. The comparison of mileage in railways, of strengths of battalions and squadrons on the frontier, of fortresses, and so forth, is one which it is practically impossible to check or verify. Nobody could do that except a skilled staff officer of a neutral Power, who had been backwards and forwards on the frontier for months and years past, and had had access to every place, every person, and every paper on both sides; in short, except some person who certainly does not and cannot exist. But we can have recourse to a much simpler and surer test—the kind of test which to the devotees of private information no doubt seems shockingly exoteric, but which is really the only test of any value in the long run. There is no sane mortal who supposes that Germany and Austria will, unprovoked, attack Russia; there are many sane mortals who, though they might not see much sanity in the proceeding, would certainly not be surprised at an unprovoked attack on Austria, if not on Germany, by Russia. The unpreparedness of the Empire-Kingdom has been so loudly and perhaps so incorrectly proclaimed, the vague sore sense of defeat and snubbing is so rife in Russia, the expectation of Pan-Slavic contagion is so strong, and, as Lord SALISBURY says, the mere danger of the huge masses of fighting men waiting idle and wishing for employment is so great, that anything may happen from the Russian side; hardly so well anything from the Austrian. We have ourselves little doubt that Germany and Austria would in the long run—even leaving Italy benevolently neutral and England expectant—give a good account not only of Russia, but of Russia and France, supposing the latter Powers to be the aggressors. But few cool-headed students of politics will take the cheerful view of the *Après ?* which an Austro-Hungarian organ took last week. Perhaps a new Poland, with Odessa for southern port, would be a very nice thing; there are persons who think that not merely a new Poland, but a new Burgundy or Lotharingia, would be a very nice thing, if it could be managed, which they do not believe. But they do not believe it because they remember what apparently the journalist above referred to forgot—that a new Poland to have any power of living would have to have Dantzic at the North no less than Odessa at the South as an outlet. And no sane man can well imagine Germany fighting for anything that might lead to such an end.

The very impossibility, therefore, of seeing what could happen is, in its way, a guarantee of peace; but it is a guarantee of the weakest and least satisfactory kind. It is more profitable, if not more encouraging, to consider the situation in face of our own difficulties at home. Lord SALISBURY justly dismissed from one point of view the comparison of the actual Austria-Hungary with the—let us trust—never to be actual Britain-Ireland. But it is needless to say that he did not intend to disparage the comparison from another side. Professor FREEMAN, indeed, has contended, if we understand him aright, that as Austria is a duchy and Hungary a kingdom, no analogy can possibly be drawn from their union or disunion to that of England, which is a kingdom, and Ireland, which was (if it was anything) in the times most familiar to Mr. FREEMAN, we believe, a lordship, and has more recently been called a kingdom itself. The point is subtle; it may even seem to some supersubtle. But if we put duchy and kingdom and lordship and empire into any convenient pocket, and simply take Austria-Hungary as an example of a compound instead of a united State, we shall find some useful matter in the comparison. Avowedly, and on the showing of some by no means unfriendly critics, part of the difficulty of the present situation arises from this compoundness, if we must not say duality. Nobody supposes that Hungary loves Russia; nobody pretends that Austria does. But everybody has a kind of vague fear that, if matters come to a crisis, even though no "stab in the back," as Lord SALISBURY (with an historical exactness which is not likely to be allowed him by those who think that Mr. FREEMAN with his *me ipso Karlior* Dr. KITCHIN compose by themselves "the majority of historians") justly characterizes the conduct of Ireland in 1782, were dealt, the "compound" would work slowly and awkwardly. It is self-evident to any intelligent politician that this must always be the case. We do not think that in the present instance there would be much difficulty; the Hungarians have too often played their part of guardians of Eastern Europe against the barbarians to flinch from it now. But there might be, and in politics such a "might be" is a very dangerous thing.

A NEW SATIRIST.

THE epic poet, Mr. HORNE, published his *Orion* at one farthing, and even then it was bought by nobody. The new satirist, author of an *Epistle to a Literary Aspirant*, is wiser than Mr. HORNE was, and fairly gives his book away. He dedicates the scathing work, which contains nearly two hundred lines and a few misprints, "with heart-felt contempt to the various Literary Cliques of London." And he not only dedicates it to them, he gives it to them—in every sense of the phrase. He sends his epistle in envelopes to the crouching minions who belong to the "cliques." There is here a generosity which rarely accompanies justice, and which quite makes up, to everybody but the bibliographer, for the absence of an imprint or author's name on the satire. The *Epistle to a Literary Aspirant* thus attains the honour and dignity of an anonymous letter. It is *adespote*, like many better and worse things.

The author addresses a friend who is "infected with the itch to rhyme." Perhaps the friend caught it—catching it is—from the author of the *Epistle*. But the author warns him not to do whatever a person with an itch to rhyme does, but "give me thine ear," and bids him, instead of rhyming, listen while the author does so. Nobody who wanted to rhyme himself would hearken with complacency while a friend tried to imitate BYRON for an hour or so, made "college" rhyme happily to "knowledge," and presented, as an example of decasyllabic verse,

Print, publisher, these poems in old-faced type.

Here "poems" must apparently be pronounced "pomes," as doubtless they may be in Hibernian verse.

The Aspirant is told by the satirist what he may do and what he cannot expect. The passage displays a singular knowledge of life and letters:—

Yes—publishers and editors are flint.
Do what he will, he can't get into print.

As publishers and editors, especially the latter, are going about like ravening lions asking for some new man, the Aspirant must be rather a feeble creature if he cannot even get into print.

In vain he climbs, with weary feet and slow,
The tortuous stairs of Paternoster Row.

The stairs are not all tortuous, by any means.

Drinks filthy whisky, and smokes worse cigars,
In the Strand's pestilential and crowded bars.

We cannot speak from local knowledge, and the bars may be very nice places. But what has a Literary Aspirant to do

'Mid actors out of work, and thieves, and "legs"

and other unpleasant persons whose company he seeks? "Not here," O Literary Aspirant! "are haunts meet for thee." If any young gentleman thinks that the Muses inhabit crowded bars in the Strand, he is certain to be disappointed. So he "scales Parnassus by another path," and pays a publisher to print his "pomes" for him. Some people have found this very remunerative. Not so the hero of the satire:—

And money paid for vellum and for gold,
Keeps his unhallowed urchins from the cold.

Here "his" refers to the wicked publisher, whose unhallowed urchins are kept from the cold by the money of the amateur Aspirant. The unlucky young man now falls from bad to worse. In his early state sublime his ransomed reason changed replies with "actors out of work, and thieves, and legs." Then he published on commission. Then his book is sent to Reviews—

Most sneer, the *Saturday Reviler* slates it.

Much more probably the harmless and unassuming periodical obscurely hinted at does not find it necessary to notice the Aspirant's little venture at all:—

Or say a critic, anxious to extol,
Brings the great work to timorous M—l.
"Nay," cries the trembling arbiter of fame,
"Nay, praise him not, I never heard his name."

It seems more like the practice of the best age of satire to leave blanks for proper names. Our satirist prints them in full, but we cannot praise this Fescennine license. He is not very consistent. He censures the trembling arbiter for neglecting persons of unknown name; and later he himself disparages a number of people because their names are unknown to him. Indeed, this unlucky censor is equally angry with people for being known and for not being known. No man knows where to have him.

The Aspirant, having failed as the boon companion of

sots and as a poet at his own expense, now "sinks to be a literary man":—

Thou shalt write verse like M—s of P—n;
Sermons in song to suit the parson's daughter;
Epics of Hades—Lemprière and water;
Prose—like H—l C—e in his most "precious" mood;
Novels—like H—d—nought but lies and blood,
Mere brainless yarns, the wonder of the gang
Led by the languid and log-rolling L—g;

and do a great many other deplorable, but lucrative, things.

Or last, when Fate has left thee soured and cross,
Correct like C—s, blunderer like G—e.

Why a man should be soured because he is a popular author does not appear. The satirist ends by imploring his friend to "flee this sordid round of spite and jealousy." But who it is that is jealous, and who spiteful, he only teaches by example.

This "harmless venom," as PINDAR quaintly calls honey, is a specimen of what a belief in "cliques" may cause the helplessly ambitious to print and post in envelopes. Probably the satire will not reach many beginners in letters, nor will they be discouraged by it. As a mere matter of trade, people concerned with publishing are as anxious to find new men as any speculator is to find a new gold-mine or to get a "concession" in Timbuctoo. But new men and good men are not common, and the many who are tried and not chosen think like the anonymous disciple of BYRON.

THE FIGHT BETWEEN SMITH AND KILRAIN.

WE have read the reports of this fight with feelings of some pain. It is not indignation at the disgraceful spectacle which moves us; for nothing is easier than not to see that kind of thing. We do not lament the revival of a brutal amusement. There are much more brutal things in the world than the giving and taking of fair blows between well-matched men, and they unfortunately cannot be kept in the dark by law. A pack of prurient men and nasty-minded women scribbling obscenities is a million times more degrading sight than a good mill. No; what has pained us is the language of the reports. It is a dreadful fall off from the noble vocabulary of the old P.R. In former times the report of a prize-fight had a legal, and even philosophic, precision. To the ignorant the words were as unmeaning as law French or the Latin of the schools; but to the ignorant all things are unmeaning. The student who had mastered his terminology knew its merits. It was exact, fixed, expressive. The modern report is written in a very different style, which has about the same relation to the old *Bell's Life* language which the attempt of an amateur to give the meaning of an old law report would have to the proper lingo. There is an appearance of intelligibility about it which is deceitful. It flows along, but when you come to look into it there is nothing definite to be obtained for the guidance of the critic. Doubtless the loss is irreparable. The gentlemen who do the reports have forgotten the old language through want of practice. Only a scholar and student could write it, and the services of such are not easily obtained for the inconvenient work of reporting hole-and-corner fights on French eyots.

This fight at St. Pierre d'Aults will doubtless be quoted for some time to come as proof of the revival of the Prize Ring; but, in fact, it is rather the reverse. Whether prize-fights ought or ought not to be allowed is a question which the pure reason will not decide without much consideration. To call the show brutal is merely to beg the question—which just is whether it ought to be brutal. As far as the men themselves are concerned, a fight is less trying than a spell of work in a torpedo-boat. They are, or ought to be, properly trained; and the blows they receive do them no permanent harm. Of course the strain on the lungs and heart is heavy; but, to judge from what is known of the lives of fighting men, it is not more than a strong man in good condition can bear without damage—and of course no man who is not strong and whose condition is not good should go in for prizefighting. As for the effect on the spectator, that, of course, depends on whether he is prepared to behave decently, to encourage fair play, to value a fight according to the science shown, and not merely by the courageous rough-and-tumble pommeling. Unfortunately, the wise and good spectators we have sketched were latterly a scattered remnant. The ring was swamped by rowdies of the worst sort, and fights became a nuisance because they served to collect crowds of noisy, drunken, disputatious blackguards. There never was a

golden age in which this element was absent from fights, but towards the end it got altogether into the ascendant. Therefore, fights were put a stop to, as many fairs have been, out of a regard to the public peace. Before they can be permitted again it must be shown that the old nuisance will not revive with them. Now this business in France gives us no reason to suppose that the old rowdiness would not reappear. On this particular occasion the rough element was happily absent, rather to the surprise, apparently, of the reporters; but immunity from its presence was only secured by keeping the place of the fight very dark and choosing one which could only be got at with difficulty and at some expense. When SMITH last fought in France, English blackguardism followed the P. R. to its exile. If it could burst out even there, what would it do at home? What looks more unpromising of all is the nature of the fight itself, as far as it can be judged of by reports. SMITH and KILBAIN seem to have tumbled and pulled one another about in a very rough fashion. There was plenty of pluck on both sides, but the science was apparently to seek. The spectators were quite satisfied, however, to look on with approval till the darkness put an end to a fight which was neither boxing nor wrestling, but a mixture of both. They must have been devoted to the sport to stand there for hours in the sleet and cold, at St. Pierre d'Aulais. This is creditable to them so far, but one could wish their taste were better. It is pleasing to hear that the heroes swore eternal friendship when all was over—and registered a vow to meet SULLIVAN in battle.

THE GHOULS OF THE GUTTER.

THE body of the unfortunate ALFRED LINNELL, who had no reason to suspect in his lifetime that any fuss would be made about him after his death, was at last buried on Sunday, after an inexcusably long delay. The authorities of Bow Cemetery had better be careful. For if at any time it suits the ghouls of the gutter, who got up the funeral for purposes of self-advertisement, to dig up the remains and hawk them about London, nothing but force and fear will restrain them. It has been a disgusting business from first to last. There is no reason to suppose, as we showed last week, that LINNELL was killed by the police. On the evidence it is, indeed, more likely that he was trampled down and injured by the crowd. But even the witnesses who were brought in the hope that they might prove something against some constable utterly failed to do what was expected of them. LINNELL was not even hurt on the Sunday to which expiring sensationalism has given a silly and disgusting name. Nevertheless his death was to be made the occasion of a great demonstration against the tyranny of Scotland Yard. The ceremony was to be on a scale of unprecedented magnificence. The Bishop of LONDON was to read the Burial Service. The Liberal members for metropolitan constituencies were to follow the hearse. Despotism was warned that they must prepare to tremble, and Sir CHARLES WARREN was told that he would have to "go." We need not point out how ludicrously all these predictions have been falsified. The only clergyman who could be found to countenance a blasphemous mockery of sacred things was Mr. STEWART HEADLAM, who is about as fit to represent the Church of England as Mr. CONYBEARE to represent the High Court of Parliament. The only "representative of the people" who could be dragged into this degrading spectacle was the rather more than eccentric member for North-West Lanarkshire, a constituency not, we believe, included within the metropolitan area. Mr. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, having been committed for trial on a charge of assaulting the police, is perhaps scarcely an impartial and unprejudiced observer of police matters, even when his profound intellect is not led away by his too lively wit. Professor STUART, on whose attendance experience might have led the promoters of the entertainment to count, found it desirable to start upon a foreign tour instead.

The outrageous indecency of Sunday's proceedings may do some good if they lead enthusiastic people to reflect upon the consequences of pursuing sensation and notoriety at all costs. Mr. MORRIS, compared with some of his present associates, is both honest and sane. He made a speech at the grave which in some respects did credit to his candour. He did not say, as less scrupulous people said, that LINNELL was murdered by the police. He knew that he might just as well have said that LINNELL was murdered by the Arch-

bishop of CANTERBURY. LINNELL was not murdered at all, and there is not a particle of evidence that the police killed him. Mr. MORRIS confined himself to saying that they should remember LINNELL, of whom he confessed his utter ignorance, "for all time as their brother and their friend." With all respect to Mr. MORRIS, this is cant. If LINNELL was to be remembered, he had much better have been remembered during his life, which seems to have been a hard one, though not harder than the lives of many others who are only remembered by Mr. MORRIS's friends when a little notoriety and self-advertisement can be got out of their case. Mr. MORRIS considers it his business "to try and make this earth a very beautiful and happy place to all men who live upon it." That is a noble ideal, but we fear that Mr. MORRIS is not in the way to realize it. Perhaps in this earthly paradise policemen will not be required. But the earth cannot be made a paradise by the simple process of calumniating or even of knifing the police. There is not an habitual thief or a professional burglar who would not gladly join in this sort of campaign. One wretched dupe of the rampant quackery of which LINNELL's funeral was a nauseating incident is now in penal servitude. Others are undergoing terms of hard labour, one has been bailed out only to abscond, others again have been fined in the shape of costs for bringing reckless charges against the police which they could not even attempt to prove. The impudent gang which calls itself the "Law and Liberty League" is hopelessly discredited in the eyes of all decent people. LINNELL's funeral, which befouled associations hitherto respected even by the violence of party conflicts, must have made some fanatics think who had rarely thought before. It is bad enough to make capital out of death, and to desecrate the grave with the animosities of class hatred. But when the whole thing is done in such circumstances and with such a purpose, it is difficult to express disgust in terms at once adequate and decent. It is a pity that respectable journals magnified by their elaborate notices the significance of the undoubted facts that scandalous mountebanks can always collect a rabble, especially if a coffin is among the properties, and that the police are always unpopular among those whom they know best.

THE FOXHUNTER AND THE BOYCOTTER.

FOXHUNTING is a lawful sport, and boycotting is an unlawful one. It is needless to say, therefore, that, apart from all predilections for and prejudices against particular pastimes, the sympathies of every honest man and good citizen must be with those who contend for their right to pursue the lawful sport as against those who endeavour, in the pursuit of the unlawful one, to prevent them. But Irish foxhunters ought clearly to understand that we wish them victory in the struggle, not because we are particularly interested in their getting their run, but because we are very much interested in their defeating the mischievous and anarchical organization which is trying to deprive them of it, and consequently that any arrangement which enables them to hunt the fox, not after the defeat, but with the purchased consent, of the Leaguers, will give no sort of satisfaction to the public, but very much the reverse. Especially will this be so where the arrangement is of the character, and the consideration given for it as improper, as has been the case in the recent transaction between the Rev. Mr. WOODS, C.C., the priestly representative of the petty Nationalist tyrants of Meath, and Mr. TROTTER, the not very spirited M.F.H., with whom he has had to do. The National League resolved some time ago, it appears, to put a stop to the hunt, and to poison the land, because the LORD-LIEUTENANT took part in the sport. Upon this a correspondence took place between Mr. WOODS and Mr. TROTTER, which led to no satisfactory result, and the latter gentleman then called upon Dr. NULTY, the Catholic (and Parnellite) Bishop of Meath, and, we presume, endeavoured vainly to induce him to use his influence for the removal of the interdict. Meanwhile Lord LONDONDERRY, finding that his presence was objected to, wrote to the Master to say that he would not hunt again, and the Master, we regret to say, instead of immediately declining or prevailing upon the members of the club to decline this magnanimous offer, despatched a letter—we should suppose by a messenger bearing a white flag—to Dr. NULTY, informing him of Lord LONDONDERRY's intention. We can hardly be surprised at the tone of arrogant triumph in which the

humiliating surrender was accepted. Mr. Woods wrote by the Bishop's direction to a correspondent, belonging apparently to the National League, to "convey to him his Lordship's opinion that the object aimed at by the resolutions passed by the National League Convention recently held at Navan has been practically secured. His Lordship," Mr. Woods continues, "has read a letter from Lord LONDONDERRY to Mr. TROTTER, expressing his intention of not hunting again with the Meath hounds. This is a distinct victory for the Convention, extorted most reluctantly from the anti-popular class, and illustrating in the strongest manner the invincible power of the people when they combine for any wise and practical purpose." Under all the circumstances of the case, the Bishop desired to recommend that "no further opposition should be offered to hunting in the county so long as no exterminator or coercionist be allowed over the lands of the farmers of Meath." And it is on these terms, as we understand, that Mr. TROTTER and the Hunt have consented to resume their sport.

It is pretty evident that they care more for their pleasure than either for their rights or their dignity; and it is with regret and shame that we record conduct so well calculated to supply the countless enemies of the Irish landlords and the Irish country gentry in general with some colour for their charges against that class. That selfish absorption in their own interests, and that cynical indifference to the public welfare of which they have so often been unjustly accused, seem certainly attributable without any apparent injustice to their conduct in this particular case. They are very anxious to hunt, and in order to buy permission to exercise their resisted rights in that matter, they are prepared to barter away in the coolest fashion the equally valid rights of another lover of the sport who happens for his sins to be Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The "Member of the Meath Hunt" who has since written to the *Times* to protest against the notion that any "pressure" was put upon the LORD-LIEUTENANT fails to appreciate the situation. The circumstances of the case itself, and his own natural instincts of generosity, put all the "pressure" upon Lord LONDONDERRY that was required. It was for the members of the Hunt to make his cause their own, to treat pressure upon him as pressure upon them, and to resist it accordingly. Instead of this, they have shown themselves willing to give up Lord LONDONDERRY's rights and to enjoy their own on the sufferance of the National League. Their surrender, however, is as shortsighted as it is pusillanimous; for, by the very terms of Dr. NULRY's letter, it is clear that the license graciously extended to them is of most uncertain duration. The withdrawal of the interdiction upon hunting will only hold good, they have been expressly warned, "so long as no exterminator or coercionist is allowed over the lands of the farmers of Meath." How long will it be before somebody answering to that description, in the view of the Nationalists at any rate, will make his appearance on the Meath hunting field? It cannot, in the nature of things, be long before that happens. For our own part, we care not how soon it does happen, being, as it will be, the just Nemesis of a most discreditable capitulation.

THE NEW MANSION HOUSE FUND.

THE LORD MAYOR'S appeal for a new Mansion House Fund has a seasonable propriety which all will recognize, and is based on a scheme which has the merit at least of possessing the superficial promise of practical utility. To provide work for the unemployed by means of relief funds is a more wholesome administration of charity than the mere hand-to-mouth disbursement of such funds with which we have been unhappily too familiar of late. The distinction between relief funds and relief works is, however, extremely slight. The remedial value of the one scheme of relief may appear more tangible, but the governing principle of both is fundamentally the same. The Committee presided over by the LORD MAYOR propose to find work for a limited number of the London unemployed, in accordance with the suggestions of Lord MEATH, the President of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association. The projected work comprises the laying-out of pleasure-grounds and parks under the supervision of the Association, and it will employ some thirteen hundred men at a cost of 20,000*l.* in various districts of London. The LORD MAYOR

appeals to the public to raise this sum, and it must be owned that the amount is modest enough when compared with recent relief funds. There is also much to commend in the immediate object of the scheme. When, however, we come to the programme somewhat vaguely outlined in the latter portion of the LORD MAYOR's letter, it is impossible not to feel that we are on insecure ground. A scheme of effective relief, planned to meet an exceptional condition of distress, ought not to be taken as implying any such pledges of permanency as are suggested by the very indefinite language employed by the LORD MAYOR. Nothing could be more satisfactory to intending contributors to the fund than the stipulation of the Committee that the work undertaken will be both useful and desirable. The laying-out of fourteen acres as a public park at Camberwell, and other works of the kind elsewhere, are excellent and beneficial objects. We are not informed of the estimated duration of this well-applied industry. It is not to be work of a temporary kind, dropped in the summer and resumed in winter, but will lead to and be connected with other remedies of a permanent character. How this is to be effected, unless the temporary fund becomes permanent, and how a permanent relief fund can be established without dire consequences to existing charities of far higher claims to public support, are questions left absolutely untouched in the LORD MAYOR's letter.

The making and planting of pleasure-gardens can be admirably carried out during winter if the weather prove fairly open. Should severe frost intervene, the work must inevitably stop, and the Committee will have to devise measures to mitigate this not improbable visitation and provide fresh outlets for the labour they employ. This may appear a light matter to those who indulge in idiotic talk about "ransom"; but practical men know it may prove a formidable obstacle to the plans of the Public Gardens Association. The judicious selection of labourers from the ranks of the unemployed is a task of no slight proportions, and one towards which the Mansion House Committee show a decided alertness. There is no doubt that the material for their choice is unfortunately very considerable, even if we disregard as obviously suspect the statistics of irresponsible census-takers. One regulation attached to the new scheme excludes all from participation in the relief works who cannot prove a sojourn in the metropolis of six months. It is doubtful if this rule will check further immigration into London from the country, and if there is any expectation that the projected relief works are to be carried on permanently, in some form or other, it will certainly be inoperative. These vague hints of permanent relief work set in motion by voluntary contribution are as dangerous as they are futile. The merest rumour of the kind wafted to the provinces can only arouse hopes that are predestined to disappointment. The number of agricultural labourers who flock to London at the approach of winter is known to be considerable. These men are naturally better fitted to the work to be provided than the majority of the London unemployed, and if the Committee are pledged to undertake work that is "useful and desirable," it is clearly their duty to obtain the best labourers in the market. Another regulation of the Committee enacts that every man employed will be required "to produce satisfactory evidence of character." This is a very proper rule, though it is somewhat oddly justified as framed to prevent "competition with the parish stone-yard." In spite of all that is written of the unemployed, there seems to be little ground for this apprehension, to judge from the Poor-law returns. While the progress of the experiment will be followed by every one with interest, and may enlighten the public as to the real condition and numbers of the unemployed, it will test the administrative powers of the Committee to the uttermost to succeed in steering clear of the objections which they acknowledge are commonly and rightly entertained against relief funds and works.

FATHER RYAN'S IMPRISONMENT.

THE magistrates at Ballyneely Sessions have done precisely the right thing in the case of Father RYAN. Having convicted him, as they could not but do on evidence so overwhelming, they sentenced him to a month's imprisonment, and steadily refused the application afterwards made to them for an augmentation of the sentence in order that the defendant might have the privilege of appeal. In

so doing they acted with a firmness which we could wish were always displayed in similar circumstances. It is not the business of magistrates to assist a defendant or his friends to make capital for the purposes of the agitator out of his conviction. If magistrates have any doubt on the facts, the prisoner should get the better of it in the form of an acquittal; if they have any doubt on the law, it is in their power to resolve it, we presume, by stating a case for a superior court. But where the facts are clear and the law certain, as in the case before us, it would be mere weakness on the part of a court to increase a sentence which they consider, and which in this, as in nine out of ten such cases, is in fact inadequate, merely in order to license the defendant for a roving tour, with all the added prestige of a martyr to the cause. Father RYAN has now gone straight to Limerick Gaol, whence he will, it is believed, be transferred to Tullamore. He may possibly resume the campaign when he comes out; but, if so, that cannot be helped. No punishment is absolutely certain to deter from the commission of offences; but we may at least take care that it does not add to the offender's opportunities of committing them.

It will not be necessary, we imagine, to insist either upon the legal or moral gravity of this priest's offence, except perhaps to a lawyer of the type of Mr. BERNARD COLERIDGE or a moralist of the "stripe" of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. To anybody else the mere fact that a director of men's consciences should deliberately incite them to distinct breaches of the Eighth Commandment—which is what Father RYAN's passionate advocacy of the Plan of Campaign amounted to—will speak for itself. The only persons, not being sympathizers with the Parnellite agitation against the "alien law" delivered from Mount Sinai, who will be disturbed by Father RYAN's imprisonment are those well-meaning but sadly weak politicians who seem to think that there is some sanctity in the cassock which should protect its wearer from the consequences of his illegal acts; or, at any rate, that the civil punishment of priests necessarily presents an appearance of persecution which renders it impolitic, however legitimate it may be, to resort to it. The former of these views is unworthy of notice, and to the latter, which has more superficial plausibility, there is an easy reply. It is that the State need not be more ecclesiastically minded than the Church itself, and that the opinion of the highest authority in the Roman Church on the policy of the English State in these matters is extremely reassuring. Whatever a few turbulent Irish prelates may please to think on this subject, they will find no countenance to those views from their supreme spiritual Head. On the contrary, they have just had an opportunity of reading in the official journal of the Vatican, and in what is virtually the reply of His Holiness to the Duke of NORFOLK's mission, the very disconcerting statement that "the liberty which the Church enjoys in the English dominions is for the rest a noble eulogy for the Sovereign and the public administration of that great State." Moreover, adds this gracious manifesto, "whatever may be the legal position which the Catholic religion holds there, this fact is to be admired, that the spirit in which the laws are interpreted and applied is always benevolent." All this is written, of course, with complete cognizance of the fact that the "great State" to which the POPE refers is engaged in a sharp conflict with certain rebellious priests and bishops in Ireland, and that, in the course of that conflict, it has not shrunk, and will not shrink, from inflicting temporal penalties on those ecclesiastics who defy its authority. From which it is to be inferred that, whatever the CROKES and WALSHES and NULTIES of the Irish Episcopates may profess to think of the morality of the Plan of Campaign, it does not appear to LEO XIII. that the "liberty which the Church enjoys" should include the license which these prelates assume, or that the English law may not be brought sternly to bear upon the repression of such license without losing the credit of having been "always interpreted and applied in a benevolent spirit." And there is a further inference from this Pontifical utterance which we commend to the attention of Mr. GLADSTONE and the Eighty Club. Mr. GLADSTONE, writing to this Club, or rather to the Rump thereof, expresses much solicitude to obtain the fullest information of what is going on in Ireland, and commends the projectors of the Eighty Club Circular for seeking to supply it. We heartily concur with him. The fuller information the better. Monsignor PERSICO has been for months engaged in collecting it, with unique opportunities of doing so, for the benefit of the Vatican. And

we see the result in this handsome tribute from LEO XIII. to the equity of English Government, the benevolence of English law, and the freedom enjoyed by the Catholic Church.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS DAY UNDER THE COMMONWEALTH.

ON Christmas Day 1649 the English people had been for some ten months the unwilling subjects of a "Commonwealth." The remnant of the House of Commons had voted themselves into the sovereignty, without any consultation of the nation; they had voted away the Monarchy and the House of Lords, and had set up a "Council of State" as Executive. The Council consisted of forty-one persons; the Parliament of not many more. Their favourite preacher, John Owen, in his sermon before them on one of their "Days of extraordinary Humiliation" this year, flatteringly said to them:—"You are the grains, which, in the sifting of the nation, have been kept from falling to the ground. Are not you the residue of all the chariots of England?" They rewarded their courtly Independent preacher, some time later, by thrusting the Presbyterian Dr. Reynolds out of the Deanery of Christ Church, and thrusting Dr. Owen into it—the only deanery, as Owen's Quaker opponent Samuel Fisher wittily observed, which they had not abolished as "Anti-Christian."

The body which Owen called "the Residue," and the Cavaliers and Levellers called "the Juncto," was a Government without an Opposition, holding place and power at the sheer goodwill of its own army. Dr. William Stamp, the ejected Vicar of Stepney, in a pastoral letter to the Master and Brethren of the Trinity House, and the rest of his old parishioners, sent to them with a volume of sermons at Christmas 1649, aptly told them that they were now under a "Government of little Colonels." The so-called "Commonwealth," in whose erection the Commons of England were not allowed vote or voice, was really a despotism of military oligarchs. The "Levellers"—Lilburne, Coster, Winstanley, Everard, and others of varying republican, religious, and socialist types—had demanded the election of "a free parliament," or *referendum* to the whole people, after the model of the ancient Teutonic democracies. But the new "Keepers of the Liberties of England" had replied to the demands of their late allies in the wars against the King and the Bishops by sending Cromwell to shoot them down, or by putting them in gaol.

When the 25th of December came round, the Council of State and the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England quietly ignored that the mass of English folk still regarded it as Christmas Day. The Council and the House both sat. The "Day's Proceedings" of the former—dealing chiefly with their Irish war—are catalogued in the *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic*, 1649-1650. The Parliament was occupied throughout its Christmas Day debates with the three most exciting topics of the hour—the splendid victories of the army in Ireland under its new Lord-Lieutenant and future master, Cromwell; next with the "letters of news" arriving daily from all parts of England concerning the reception or refusal of "The Engagement"—the promise and declaration imposed upon soldiers, magistrates, and preachers to be "true and faithful to the Commonwealth of England, as it is now established, without King and House of Lords"; and thirdly, with the trial and acquittal of John Lilburne, the most dangerous and most popular of its enemies. This fiery agitator, who afterwards became a mild Quaker, had been defiantly elected by the angry Londoners as a Common Councillor of the City, to the consternation of the House. The day after Christmas the Parliament made a daring attack on the liberties of the City, to which it had owed so much, by declaring Lilburne's election void.

In spite of the rigid censorship of the press by the Council of State—more rigid, according to one of Laud's enemies, than the censorship directed by Laud had ever been—some pamphlets on behalf of the keeping of Christmas managed to get into circulation. By far the ablest of these, *A Christian Catechism to the New Sabbatarians*, was published anonymously a few days after Christmas. Its writer, an enthusiastic churchman, replied generally to an attack which had been made upon the festival by a Presbyterian preacher in St. Michael's Church, Cornhill, who had said that Christmas was "no better than that feast which the Israelites made unto the molten calf." The bulk of the work, however, is taken up with exhaustive answers, full of theological learning, and not wanting in a lively wit, to the *Sixteen Queries, touching the rise and observation of Christmas*, propounded by Mr. Joseph Heming, of Uttoxeter. Mr. Heming had proved the keeping of Christmas to be sinful, because of its popular name, "Christ Mass"; because it did a dishonour to "the Sabbath"; because it had been condemned by the Synod (the Westminster Assembly of Divines); because it had been abrogated by Parliament; and because all the customs observed by the common people in honour of Christmas Day—particularly "Christmas Carolles," "Christmas Blazes," "Yule-games or Christmas Sports," and "Christmas and New Year Gifts"—had been borrowed by the Popes from "the mad feasts of Heathenisme." The enemy of Christmas Day complained that, although it had now ceased to be honoured by "preaching" and the opening of the churches, the people still stubbornly refused "to work and follow their vocation" on that day. The author of the *Catechism* defends the English folk for their

dumb resistance to the impositions of the triumphant Presbyterians. He dexterously turns the tables upon his opponent by feigning to believe that the late "Declaration of the Parliament" (September 27, 1649) had virtually abrogated its own earlier abrogations of Christmas Day. The Presbyterian incumbents were in bad odour with the new Government. In all parts of England they were refusing to take the "Engagement," whilst many of "the Cavalier clergy" had not scrupled to submit to "the powers that be" as the *de facto* Government. The Presbyterian incumbents, particularly in London, were known by the Government to be secretly acting in concert with their Scottish co-religionists on behalf of Charles II. The official *Mercurius Politicus* called them "the Scotch Trumpeters," the "Blue Pharisees," and the "Kirk-drivers of the City." The legal abolition of Christmas, which had been proposed in the Assembly of Divines as needful to the full uniformity between the Scotch and English Churches, had been part of the price which the Parliament had to pay for the aid of the Presbyterian faction. "The procurers of that Order against Christmas Day," says the author of the *Caveat*, "have since been detected, secluded the House, and by full consent of Parliament declared to be no other than 'a Party and a Faction, acted on by the powers of darkness, apostates from their first principles, bearing only the name of patriots and lovers of religion, and such reformers of popery and prophanes, as stand themselves in need of reformation.'" As it was at the instigation of this minority of the so-called "Blue Pharisees" in the Long Parliament that the order abolishing Christmas Day had been procured, the writer insinuates that the order had lost its force through their expulsion and condemnation by the present residue of the House. "Of what price or esteem these men's votes and condemning ought to be, let either conscience or reason determine." As for the appeal from the Order of the Parliament to the synodical authority of the Assembly of Divines, he observes that this once numerous and influential body had sunk so low "that it does not now much exceed eighty persons." They had held their last session in the February of this year (1649), and had since become a mere temporary committee to which Parliament entrusted the examination of ministerial candidates. "Besides," he adds, "the Westminster Assembly had no right to abolish a Christian festival of universal observance. The 'Synod' was a mere creature of the State; 'for the Parliament did nominate the divines.' Neither did the 'Synod' represent the parish churches. 'There are about 10,000 parish churches in this Commonwealth,' said he, "and most of these have not had one of their members there." He suggested that, if Englishmen were "to cast out and abominate" all the words that are "abused by Papists," they must get rid also of "these words, Scripture, Church, Baptism, Lord's Supper, Prayer, Preaching, Alms, Penitence, and many more." There is just as much "superstition," he said in the "not doings" of Puritans as in the "doings" of the mass of English folk; and he gives a long catalogue of the "foppish superstitious conceits" which the Presbyterian incumbents were then enforcing upon the parish-bes. "Most of you teach them," said he, "that it is unlawful to ring the bells in peale on the Lord's Day; to eat mince-pies, plumb-pottage, or brawn in December; to trim the church or a private house with holly and ivy about Christmas, or to strew it with rushes about Midsummer; to stick a roasting piece of beef with rosemary, or to put a sprig of rosemary in a collar of brawn when it is brought to table; to play at cards or bowles; to hawk or hunt; to give money to a servants' or apprentices' box, or to send a couple of capons, or any other present, to a friend in the Twelve Dayes; to use a ring in the solemnization of marriage; or to cover a hearse with a white sheet."

A Punitan *Scripture Almanack* published at the date, which the author of the *Caveat* describes as a "phantastical almanack," had proved the use of Christmas and all its customs to be acts of "conformity to Heathenism." The Almanack derives "Yule" from *Yullos* or *Yllos*, and "Karrles," or carols, from the cereal hymns and offerings to Ceres. Every Christian who sang a carol or gave a Christmas box was consequently, like the Emperor Julian, an apostate. "These derivations of Yule and Karrles," said the critic, "savoured as much of wit as those of Tarleton to the school-boys of Westminster, when he told them that 'napkin' came from Neptune, and 'trencher' from his trident." He adds his own derivation. "Caroll comes from *cantate*, which signifies to sing, and *rola*, an interjection expressing joy. For heretofore, in the burden of delightful songs, and when men were jocund, they were wont to sing Rola! Rola! as sometimes we do Heyda! Heyda! or Derry! Derry!" As for "Christmas Carolles," he answers "That it was an ancient custom amongst the Christians in their feasts to bring every one into the midst, and invite him to sing unto God as well as he could, either out of the Holy Scriptures, or of his own wit and invention, as Tertullian witnesses, *adv. Gentes*, c. 39."

Concerning the Yule-log, or "Blazes," he replies "that a great fire, a little fire, or no fire, are equally material to the celebration of Christmas." But he asks why those who urge that "Blazes be not allowed in our chimneys on the 25th of December" are still such zealous advocates for "Bonfires on the 5th of November"? He gives a common-sense apology for the lawfulness of "Heathenish" uses by Christians, which shows how much more liberal and modern the Churchman of the seventeenth century was than the Puritan. "And here we shall give our opponents a lesson which should be well learned and remembered by them—that it does not straightway follow because Heathens do

it the thing done is heathenish. For the principles of the Gospel do confirm, not destroy, the principles of Nature. Heathens, by the light of natural reason, have done and do many excellent things, and things commendable in Christians. We find upon record the temperance, chastity, prudence, and other virtues of heathens; and yet no man can say that temperance, chastity, or prudence are heathenish and not suitable to Gospel principles." He closes with a smart *Tu quoque*. He observes that the more learned amongst the opponents of Christmas Day—citing especially Dr. Richard Byfield, who had been a fanatical preacher against bishops, and one of the Parliamentary Committee for ejecting the loyal clergy—had discovered that "the heathens observed the Seventh Day for a holy day and festival." "Yet they will not say," adds he, "that the observation of the Seventh Day, as they say of Christmas Day, is 'heathenish, and not suitable to Gospel principles.'"

It will be noticed that the vindication of Christmas-keeping in this treatise, as in others of the period, was confined to its domestic observance. Nobody thought of proposing its public observance in the parish churches. Here and there, in out-of-way country places, a church may have been opened, and the unlawful service held. Anthony à Wood, in his Autobiography for this year, tells us that he went with a young friend from Oxford to "keep his Christmas at Bledlow in Bucks, where they 'continued more than a week.'" The "Provincial Synod of London" took scrupulous care that no church in the capital should be desecrated by being opened for the popish and heathenish festival on Tuesday, December 25, 1649. The rigid closing of the churches, however, according to the complaint of Walter Cradock, the intruded preacher of All Hallows the Great, did not increase the affection of "carnal men" to the Puritan incumbents. In his *Divine Drops*, published shortly after the Christmas of 1649 (early in January 1650) he gives some lively sketches of the state of mind amongst the Londoners. The reaction against Puritanism was already evident everywhere.

FOR THE SPACE OF HALF AN HOUR.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S speech at Gloucester the other night was supposed to usher in a blessed Christmas silence of political talking for a week or so; and, as far as the major lights, or rather voices, go, that may be true. But a glance (or more than a glance for those unhappy ones whom England expects to do their duty in the way of paper-reading) at the papers of Thursday morning will show that the suspension of hostilities—the truce in the eternal war with wit which minor speakers wage—is not regarded as binding. Lord Ripon speaks at Southport; and, though it is strange enough that any one should want to listen to Lord Ripon, still a man who has even misgoverned India is somebody. Mr. Pierce Mahony (of whom nothing is known or knowable except that he is an Irish member not in prison) and Mr. Labouchere speak at Blackpool, near enough almost to hear the echoes of Lord Ripon. Mr. Bradlaugh speaks in the Holborn Town Hall, and calls somebody "wicked." Most wondrous of all, Mr. T. P. O'Connor speaks at Manchester, and people apparently go to hear him, and the *Daily News* heads its report "Mr. T. P. O'Connor and Mr. Balfour." Why, in the name of all that is wonderful, any human soul should want to listen to what Mr. T. P. O'Connor has to say on any conceivable subject is one of those problems which have a kind of unholy attraction. Mr. T. P. O'Connor is, we believe, a hardworking journalist and stump-orator, who earns his bread by those functions (combined with the other function of Parliament-man), and no doubt earns it, according to his lights, faithfully and honestly. He has the Irish gift of fluent speech and writing in a kind of lingo which educated men (out of Ireland, America, and a certain portion of France) regard with a mixture of amusement and contempt, and in regard to which it has never been clear to the minds of impartial and qualified examiners whether the Irish and American users of it are dupes of their own words, of their own style, or not. Frenchmen, to do them justice, certainly are such dupes.

But what is really curious and worth considering is, whether it is or is not the fact that audiences, not Irish merely (and though there are thousands of Irishmen in Manchester, it does not seem that Mr. O'Connor's audience was wholly Irish), crowd to hear and are influenced by the rant and rubbish that men like Mr. Dillon and Mr. T. P. O'Connor pour forth. Some Separatist newspapers boast loudly that these and other stumpers have actually produced a considerable effect, and even after the light thrown by the Dulwich election on the Gladstonian meaning of a considerable effect—to wit, the loss of a hundred votes—it is perhaps a mistake that more notice has not been taken of these Parnellite raids by persons well affected to the Constitution. It would be almost impossible to take a better example than Mr. T. P. O'Connor himself of the class of speakers in question. There is admitted to be a kind of semi-frantic conviction about Mr. Dillon which is with ignorant or weak persons sometimes effective—in his case the Mahometan reverence for howling dervishes who are obviously convinced of the excellence of howling comes in. But nobody ever accused Mr. O'Connor of dervish-like conviction, though he is no doubt honest enough. No one would accuse him either of scholarship, or of wit, or of historical accuracy and learning, or of political grasp, or of any other lofty quality. He is exactly what has been defined already—an industrious and

fairly competent writer and speaker of Irish claptrap and rant, a tolerable specimen of a class commoner no doubt in America than here, but still common enough wherever there is a demand for stuff of the kind at a penny the line, or sixpence the minute, or whatever may be the tariff. Now, in the interval when even this stuff must cease for a few hours, if not a few days, it is really interesting to consider whether the kind of speech which such a man can make, and which he and his fellows have been making by the mile lately, has any effect or not.

What is it that induces party managers, educated men who are members of parties, and so forth, to sit on a platform and listen to Mr. T. P. O'Connor when he says that a Tory-Irish alliance "existed almost without interruption from 1880 to 1885," a period during which, "almost without interruption," the Tories were occupied either in steadily opposing Mr. Gladstone's concessions to Irish greed or in steadily and loyally supporting Mr. Gladstone's efforts to put down Irish lawlessness? Perhaps in any case one might have expected that such persons would have protested against such a statement. But, if they do not protest, it can only be because they think it unwise to discourage friends, and that the friends whose peculiar proceedings they are encouraging are doing good to the party.

Now the interesting question is, Are they? There are certain uncomfortable persons, pessimists of the kind justly abhorrent to the great heart of the people, who say that they are. And these detestable creatures, proceeding on their evil line, go on to point out that the state of things which, to some extent at any rate, confronts us is a natural result of past events, and especially of extended suffrage. So long, they say, as the practical arbiters of politics were tolerably few and tolerably gifted with leisure, they had some leisure to hear argument and to reflect on that argument, and at least to pretend to judge it. They did not want to go and spend their evenings in a stuffy hall listening to some T. P. O'Connor spouting. They had reasonably comfortable homes of their own, in which they could, if they could not do anything else, go to sleep. Also in their odd way, they had a certain common sense, if they were distinctly deficient in poetic fervour. Imagine, quoth the evil pessimist (not we), imagine the great project of the present day—the project which is recommended by the iron consistency of Mr. Gladstone, the Una-like mental purity of Sir William Harcourt, the solid political learning of Mr. Labouchere—imagine this project submitted to the constituencies of the last century or of 1830-1867! The thing is inconceivable. But you have now got constituencies in which the great majority of voters do not know what to do with their evenings, have a vague idea that they would like to be better off than they are, are superficially educated up to a certain point, and grossly ignorant beyond that point; in short, who are in the exact mood *velles decipi*, and to be deceived accordingly.

The concatenation "accordingly," to quote our dreary pessimist still further, is to be found exemplified in Mr. T. P. O'Connor. The masses are no longer to be led by leading articles—the force which made the newspaper for a time omnipotent, and which also made the very name of our esteemed contemporary the *Times* a horror to those who, as young men, had to dine with aged persons twenty or thirty years ago, and hear all the articles they had read at breakfast served up at dinner, has disappeared. Reasoned opinion is not wanted in print. What is wanted is personal gossip and gabble there and shamelessly distorted comment on the platform. The leading article (still *pessimista loquitur*) is superseded by the stump. The "Column of Daily Lies," as some unkind person once phrased it, is now to be provided elsewhere and in another fashion than in print. Instead of the *Daily Blazer* in the morning, Sir William Harcourt takes up the wondrous tale in the evening, and says that Lord Salisbury called Irishmen Hottentots (or conveys to the careless hearer that Lord Salisbury called Irishmen Hottentots), knowing perfectly well that Lord Salisbury did not. Discussion? What is the use of discussion? You must have somebody who can discuss (not a Mr. T. P. O'Connor, but quite another than he) to begin with, and an audience who can appreciate discussion in the second place. Have you got either? No. Let us go back to the mere sheet of news on the one hand, and let us insist that everybody of whatever ability shall come and talk Pogramese on the platform. We will take our facts from the news-sheet and our opinions from the Pogram, and so shall we get on very democratically. For it will not be necessary for the news-sheet to speak truth, or for the Pogram to employ logic; and truth and logic are the two things which are most ill-mated with Democracy.

So the pessimist—a fellow of a very disagreeable character. But the important point is not the disagreeableness of his character, as to which we all agree, but the accuracy of his judgment. And here it is impossible to take so cheerful a view as all right-minded persons would like to take. Why, for instance, did not the audience at Manchester, from a certain learned student of Latin grammar downwards, say "Come, now, I say!" to Mr. T. P. O'Connor when he said that there had been a Tory-Irish alliance almost without interruption from 1880 to 1885? They knew what the statement was; Mr. Bright will tell them in three letters if they like. Why did they not say what it was? Why, to push the question home still further, did they listen to Mr. T. P. O'Connor at all? In that hour of self-examination which religion and philosophy alike prescribe to the *phronimos*, why did they not say to themselves, "In what possible circumstances can it be right that I should be in the same galley with Mr. T. P. O'Connor?" Why did

not the audience rise *en masse*, and say—for it is well not to be ashamed of one's weaknesses—"We are Gladstonians because we choose; we are Home Rulers because we are told to be; but we will not be hearers of a third-rate professional Irish spouter." These are questions which it is extremely easy to ask, which it is extremely difficult to answer. It is, to begin with, marvellous hard for the *phronimos* to say why any one should go to such a meeting at all. We do not think so meanly of the men of Manchester as to suppose that the meanest of them has anything to learn from Mr. T. P. O'Connor. If you go and hear Mr. Gladstone, you will, unless there are cruel colonels with attorney's letters about, hear a triumph of political finesse. If you go and hear Lord Salisbury, you will hear half a dozen things which will rejoice the cultivated intellect. If you go and hear Mr. Bright, you will hear English of the best kind admirably spoken. If you go and hear Sir William Harcourt, you will see and hear a person who, "taken with all faults," as they say in auctions, is alive and kicking, and who sometimes kicks with a Quasimodoish vigour and a Gargantuan grace. Mr. Dillon, as we have said, will supply an at least curious example of convinced irrationality, Mr. Labouchere one of the ruins of wit, Mr. Bradlaugh one of the abiding truth of the great maxim that not to believe in the Devil is insufficient to make at least a political philosopher. It is true that all these benefits can be obtained (thanks to the efforts but still existing daily papers) without the *corvée* of presence at these political orgies, but there are persons who like to do things thoroughly. All this, however, will throw absolutely no light on the existence of an audience for Mr. T. P. O'Connor, or for the Mahonys, Abrahams, Hookers, Walkers, Does, Roes, and the rest. To account for the audience at all, one must suppose either an infinite docility and modesty in the British people or else an infinite folly. And the supposition of either will bring us very close to the rocks of pessimism which we have signalled, of course chiefly with the object of warning others off them. "If it were possible," asked the philosopher, in that odd and wholly out of character utterance of his, "for a nation to go mad?" "If it were possible for any appreciable part of a nation to sit for some hour or so listening to Mr. T. P. O'Connor" is unluckily a question which cannot, like the other, be left to the charitable construction of posterity. It apparently is possible, and a very singular possibility it is.

WEDDINGS IN CARNIOLA.

IN the valleys of Upper Carniola life moves so slowly that it almost seems to stagnate. Slav patriotism has excluded German from the elementary schools; and, as the dialect varies so greatly that the speech of the inhabitants of one district can hardly be understood as soon as its limits are passed, it is not strange that the whole literature of the province should consist of love songs, a calendar or two, and a few newspapers, which are said to be distinguished by violence rather than power. The priests, for reasons too complex to be explained at present, for the most part side with the extreme Slav party, and so the intellectual life of the people cannot be said to be "moving onwards at hurricane speed." Some unquiet minds may deplore such a state of things; but it has advantages which possess a charm for those of a more sober temperament. Among these is the preservation of old customs, which are being abandoned in more enterprising districts, and which are picturesque enough to deserve attention. Even in Carniola, however, the more wealthy and instructed are beginning to regard some of them as vulgar, while others are for economical reasons neglected by the poor. The customs of which we shall now proceed to give an account are such as are practised at the weddings of well-to-do peasants in parts of the country but little visited by strangers.

To begin at the beginning, let us name the chief characters. Of the bride and bridegroom nothing need be said, and the two witnesses which Austrian law requires may also be passed over without comment. They occupy a distinguished place in the official ceremony, but are in other respects lay figures. The person who gives the bride away, and who is for the day called her father, is a more important personage. He may be chosen from any of her relations or friends, and even when the father is still alive another is sometimes, though rarely, selected. He used to be decked out in a costume which must have been striking rather than becoming. He wore two waistcoats, the lower of which was closely buttoned, while the other was loosely laced above it. In winter the usual fur cap was surmounted by a hat; in summer a pointed silk edifice was substituted for the former, and on it the hat was placed. In either case the headgear was some foot and a half in height, and the effect when it was placed upon a short man was remarkable. In some secluded valleys this dress may perhaps still be used; elsewhere it now exists only in the memory of elderly persons. The bridesmaid who places the marriage garland upon the bride's head is generally her most intimate unmarried friend. There are others who play an inferior part; but their importance does not seem to be nearly as great as in the German provinces. In Moravia, for instance, the chief bridesmaid puts a small myrtle wreath on the head of the bridegroom as well as the bride when they enter the church. These wreaths are carefully preserved, and whenever one drops to pieces it is supposed to indicate the approaching death of the person who has worn it.

But to return to Carniola. On the afternoon before the wedding the bridegroom's friends fetch the bride's dowry from her father's house, and when doing so take everything they can lay their hands upon to make it larger. At times even cattle have been driven away for this purpose; but the whole matter is generally considered and treated as a joke. On the following morning they again assemble at the bridegroom's house, and after they have enjoyed a good lunch proceed in a body to that of the bride, where her own acquaintances have been similarly entertained. As soon as the young men approach the doors are closed against them, and an old woman appears at one of the windows and asks what they want. The bridegroom demands his bride. The old lady pretends not to know her, and he has to describe her in a somewhat uncomplimentary way. Other women and girls who partially answer to his description are sent out, till at last his exactness compels the garrison to surrender the right one.

The whole party now walk or drive in procession to the church. Most marriages take place in the winter, and at that season the usual dress of all the men is a long, loose overcoat or cloak. Till very lately custom compelled the bridegroom to don such a garment even in summer, for the general belief is that, if the bride can manage to kneel on any part of it during the ceremony, she will bear rule in her new home, and not to have given her a chance of doing so would of course have been defrauding her of her natural rights. Many other superstitions are connected with the service. Thus, if the bride weeps it is considered a good omen; if the candles on the altar flicker, it is a bad one for the harmony of the marriage.

The ceremony is hardly over before the festivities begin anew. In some parts of Carinthia wine is brought into the church and blessed by the priest, who drinks the first glass to the bride's health; but in Carniola the party leaves the church before beginning its carousals. The delay, however, is not long, as custom insists that a pause shall be made at every inn that is passed on the road. During the whole afternoon the great object of the unmarried young men of the village is to capture the bride. If she can be lured out of the bridegroom's sight on any pretence whatever, she is at once surrounded and carried off to some neighbouring house. When she has been fairly taken she must yield quietly and give no sign of her whereabouts. The bridegroom and the bride's father now start in search of her. As there are numerous scouts, and she is frequently removed from place to place, a considerable time often elapses before she can be found. When the two pursuers have at last tracked her to her hiding place, they have to ransom her by paying for all the wine that has been drunk in the meantime.

Except on such an occasion, each guest pays his own score both on the way from church and at the marriage feast, when it is given, as it usually is, in an inn. At the latter merrymaking the chief interest centres on the bride's father, who is expected to make a speech, in which he draws as unflattering a picture as possible of the life and character of the bridegroom, who must reply to the railleury as best he can. As both speakers make as many jocose allusions as occur to them to the rest of the company, this contest of wit is considered the great treat of the day.

After a time the bride is solemnly brought to her future home, but there she has to pass through a scene similar to one already described. On the threshold she is met by the bridegroom's mother or some other elderly female relation of his, who asks who she is and what she wants. This is the commencement of a humorous catechism, which sometimes becomes rather broad, and is always greeted by shouts of laughter from the audience. At last, when the mother-in-law has been satisfied, she produces a glass of wine and a long, thin wheaten loaf which has been baked for the purpose, and offers them to the new mistress of the house. The latter sips the wine, and lets a gold or silver coin fall into the glass as a gift to the mother. She then takes the bread in her right hand, and holds it over her left shoulder. Some person standing behind her must take it. Many explanations of this custom are given, but they are all modern and rationalistic. In most places, however, it is considered a good omen if the bread is taken by a needy old woman, though, of course, it is impossible to allow the bride to stand too long in such a position, and so one of the wedding party is sometimes obliged to take the loaf.

It will be seen that the happy couple have had rather a trying day; indeed, a bashful man might almost be pardoned if he hesitated to enter into the holy state of wedlock by so rugged a path. Even in England it has been said that the wedding-day is generally the most uncomfortable that the bridegroom has ever known, yet here he is allowed to escape from publicity and his friends at an early hour, whereas in Carniola the agony is piled up to the very utmost. If a stranger marries a girl of means and thus takes her from her village, his sufferings are not yet at an end. The youths believe that they have a right to levy a toll on her fortune. This is done in various ways; we give the most elaborate. A rope, to which wreaths and flowers are bound, is spanned across the road which the bridal party has to pass. Behind this a large table with two flagons of wine and numerous glasses is placed. Before the table a young man is seated facing the direction from which the newly-married pair must come. He wears a half-mask and false beard, and has before him the largest book he can borrow. When the bride and bridegroom arrive he pretends to read from it a number of jocose remarks which have a distinct reference to them, and then proposes a riddle containing an allusion to some event in their

past lives. If the bride's father, who generally attends the couple to the limits of the village, or, in case he is not there, the bridegroom, can find the answer to it, he has a right to propose one in his turn, and so the contest goes on till one of the parties fails. The masked youth then reads from his book a eulogy of the bride which insists on the great loss the village suffers by her removal, and demands toll. A discussion generally ensues. The young men think they have a right to one florin for every thousand in the bride's fortune, but such a sum is very rarely paid. Two hundred florins have, however, in late years been given, and donations of from ten to eighty are by no means unfrequent. When an understanding has been arrived at, the rope is lowered and the health of the wedding party is drunk. Formerly, when a rich villager brought home a wife from another place, the unmarried girls of his village used to levy a similar toll, but they now rarely insist upon their right to do so.

These customs, of course, afford an opportunity for rustic jests, in which the laugh does not always remain on the side of those who first started the fun. Thus, in a recent case, a townsman married the daughter of a wealthy peasant who was little known in the country town to which she came. The young men of the place resolved to capture her, but the wedding party were informed of their design, and the bride lent her dress and ornaments to a friend who was taken instead. Wine was drunk and given away in large quantities, but no one came to seek the bride, who was sitting in her full state among the revellers. Suspensions were at last aroused, and it was found that the wedding party with the real bride had safely returned home, so that the young men were left to pay the reckoning themselves. Many such stories are told, but they have seldom more than a local interest. It may be added that bride and bridegroom frequently connive at the capture in order to have an opportunity of entertaining their friends; indeed, when they are wealthy, they are considered rather mean if they do not do so.

We have spoken of these customs as belonging to Carniola; but they are largely practised in the Slav districts of Carinthia as well, and they are, of course, subject to innumerable variations. In one village a pistol is fired off in the church as soon as the marriage service is finished; in another the company proceed at once to the parsonage, and there remain drinking till the evening, the wine being fetched in equal quantities from each of the inns. The changes, however, for the most part only affect the details; the general course of procedure is such as has been described, and no one who has any acquaintance with folklore can doubt that many parts of it have an ancient origin. The strange thing is that such customs should still remain in full force in our own age, and in a country where education is compulsory. This, as has already been pointed out, in great part owing to the seclusion which their Slav dialect imposes on the people. The dread of offending fate in the most important actions of life, which seems to be inherent in human nature, has doubtless much to do with the maintenance of old rites; and, finally, the very monotony of their usual lives renders the inhabitants eager to seize every opportunity or excuse for excitement.

RECENT MATINÉES.

THE representation of *Othello* at a matinée on Tuesday at the Vaudeville, with Mr. Charles Charrington as the Moor, Miss Janet Achurch as Desdemona, and Mr. Hermann Vezin as Iago, was one of those not infrequent dramatic performances which it is possible to commend in parts and regard with sincere dissatisfaction as a whole. Every actor is desirous of essaying a Shakspearian character, and Mr. Charrington's dramatic capacity and natural gifts of temperament are sufficient to justify his ambition. His *Othello*, however, was marked by a curious initial defect that influenced the impressiveness of the whole interpretation. His acting in the first scenes failed to strike the true key to the character. It was not the noble, open-minded, gallant soldier of fortune, inspirer of confidence and generously confiding, that Mr. Charrington's speech and demeanour proclaimed, but rather a languid and luxurious Oriental, touched with the debility of irresolution. His address to the Doge and Council, for instance, did not reveal, as it should, the engaging simplicity and magnanimity of *Othello's* nature. It was, in truth, a tame piece of stage elocution. When, however, the first tremulous moments of suspicion begin to stir the Moor and onwards to the first phases of confusion when the base alloy is precipitated in his soul, Mr. Charrington showed decided grasp of the part, and his rendering was not without its fine moments. In the crucial scene with Iago (Act iii. sc. 3) he suggested with considerable success the "divided kingdom" of his mind. Later, when honourable doubt and the fitful revolt of his noble candour are quenched by the poison of passion, Mr. Charrington's emotional expression was somewhat too insistently febrile and high-pitched. Its violence lacked the gloomy pauses that hint of yet unsounded depths and unsuspected access of passion still to come. It is true that the inward workings of *Othello's* mind are less complex and demand less subtlety in the actor than the part of Iago, but much more is required than mere turbulence. To hear "*Othello's* jealous doubt spout out" is but a popular satisfaction, just as to find the gentle Desdemona merely a sweet submissive woman is a pretty stage convention. The Desdemona of Miss Achurch betrayed a richer and more intellectual apprehension of the part.

Her acting before the Doge, as intermediary between Brabantio and Othello, was extremely happy, as it suggested the key to the Moor's character, which was certainly wanting in Mr. Charrington's presentment, and her rendering, graceful and sympathetic throughout, possessed also true artistic consistency. Her command of emotional expression in pure tragedy proved to be of uncommon range and power in the pathetic bedchamber scene. The most striking success, perhaps, achieved by Miss Achurch was in the scene where Desdemona pleads for Cassio with Othello, the significance of which has seldom been suggested with so much subtlety and truth. To deal justly with Mr. Vezin's Iago, it is necessary to distinguish between his reading of the part and the actor's personal acquirements in elocution and stage accomplishments. If we cannot assent to Mr. Vezin's interpretation, we cannot praise too highly his elocutionary skill. He is one of the few living actors whose delivery of blank verse does not set the sensitive ear a-shuddering. We recognize the verse of Shakespeare with Mr. Vezin on the stage, and do not mistake it for the average reader's blundering declamation of a newspaper leading article. His admirable recitation of the rhymed verses, "She that was ever fair and never proud," was a real delight to hear and a lesson for the unregenerate stage. Of Mr. Terry's Cassio there is not much to be said, save that it was not Shakespeare's Cassio. A Venetian gentleman in his cups would not descend to the mere buffoonery of the serving-man, as Mr. Terry surmised; though we may say that, if he could do so, Mr. Terry's playing was not without cleverness. Miss Carlotta Addison's Emilia was a little wanting in colour, though not without merit. Mr. Voltaire played Brabantio, Mr. de Cordova the Doge, and Mr. Foss was the Roderigo.

Incongruities of all kinds abound in *Handfast*, the new drama by Messrs. H. Hamilton and Mark Quinton, produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. There was a very plethora of duels, attempted poisonings, and needless deathbeds, railway murders, and a general display throughout of what might be called melodramatic stock-in-trade. So good, however, was the dialogue, which is terse, and often witty, that the audience watched the piece patiently enough, and called loudly for the authors at the final fall of the curtain. The heroine was enacted by Miss Caroline Hill, who during her absence in the United States has not improved her dramatic method. That she can act very well, however, was proved in the second act, in a really fine scene with her husband. Miss Norreys was the *ingénue*, and played nicely. She spoke some smart things very pleasantly. Mr. Yorke Stephens, as the victim of the piece, the Earl of Cirencester, played an uninteresting part very gracefully. Mr. W. Herbert, admirably got up as a French nobleman, looking for all the world as if he had stepped out of the pages of *La Vie Parisienne*, would have produced a much greater effect if he had not persisted in speaking in broken English. If *Handfast* does not introduce us exactly to the world in which one amuses oneself, it does to the *monde où l'on jure*; for never before have we heard such a volley of oaths as was launched at our heads by the villains and their denouncers from the rise of the curtain to its fall. Mr. Giddens, too, as a sort of cross between a bishop and an attorney, in the last act read the principal villain a pious lecture on wickedness in general and eternal punishment in particular which, however edifying it might be at the Tabernacle, was out of place on the stage.

The Calthorpe Case, represented for the first time last Wednesday afternoon at the Vaudeville Theatre for the benefit of its author, Mr. Arthur Goodrich, who has become almost blind, is an interesting and well-constructed play. Unfortunately Mr. Goodrich has followed the example of several recent dramatists and explained the mystery of the piece too early, so that many of the audience were at sea as to the motive of the remainder. It should be a law with dramatists not to relate anything upon which the interest of their work hinges until either very late in the first act or towards the middle of the second. The reason for this is obvious. The audience has not all assembled, and many others have not yet become accustomed to the voices of the players. The Prologue of *The Calthorpe Case* is inferior to the drama proper, and indeed the whole work will need careful revision. But the characters are all very well sketched, the situations are dramatic and unexpected, and the dialogue terse and often witty. Two characters especially are worthy of commendation—those of Squire Hereford, a good-natured country gentleman, and Barbara Calthorpe, a vivacious, *piquante* young personage, who has spent her earlier days in Australia. All the scenes between these two lovers were admirable, and provoked hearty laughter and much applause. Mr. Rutland Barrington played Squire Hereford, and Miss Fanny Brough Barbara. Miss Brough cannot be too highly congratulated on her success. She managed to be pertly amusing, and delivered her mischievous badinage with a thorough appreciation of its fun, whilst skilfully avoiding vulgarity. Moreover, she was always true to nature, and never forced her wit. Miss Webster, a young actress who has considerable talent, was excellent as the heroine; and, were she to study repose a little more, and to subdue a tendency to overact, she would be even better than she is. Mr. Gilbert Farquhar acted with much delicacy the part of Jasper Calthorpe. A remarkably clever character-sketch was presented by Mr. Pateman as the rascally private inquiry agent Lemuel. The two lovers were Messrs. Fuller Mellish and Percy Lyndal; but both fell into the very common error of being more boisterous than ardent in their love-making. The applause at the fall of the curtain was genuinely favourable.

The matinée at the Novelty which introduced *Sidonie*, a new play by Messrs. F. Lyster and P. Heriot—adapted, it seems, from an American novel—afforded Miss Cooper-Parr very few opportunities to distinguish herself. *Sidonie* is a poor play, dealing with a shocking amount of iniquity perpetrated by a variety of rather stupid people and by the adventuress who gives her name to the piece. *Sidonie* would like to kill somebody else, failing which more desirable end, she kills herself. The young lady who undertook this part has a fine presence, is evidently clever, but her pronunciation is decidedly American and emphatic; and as an actress, notwithstanding some natural gifts, it may be said that she has everything to unlearn and everything to learn. A very amusing little piece, by R. K. Hervey, called *Good Business*, preceded *Sidonie*, and provoked uproarious laughter, being capably played by Messrs. Arthur Williams and John Le Hay and Miss T. Roma. It will possibly be heard of again.

THE SUGAR BOUNTIES CONFERENCE.

THE International Conference on the sugar question, which began its sittings at the Foreign Office on the 24th of last month, has now adjourned; and accounts of its proceedings have, with commendable and most unusual celerity, been published by the British Government. Baron de Worms had a most difficult task to perform; and there can be no reason why it should not be generally known that, so far, he has got through it in an extremely satisfactory manner. It was no easy matter to induce ten or eleven Governments to send representatives to submit their private systems of sugar taxation to criticism over the mahogany of a twelfth. It must have been still more difficult to preside over the elements of such a Congress, and to persuade the delegates to agree to any common basis of action, especially when this latter included so sweeping a principle as that of entire denunciation of sugar bounties. Yet it is this, and no less, that all the Powers represented have consented to recommend to their Governments. There is no uncertain sound about their Report. They are entirely in agreement, also, with one exception, that a system of manufacturing and refining sugar in bond is the only way in which bounties can be avoided; and, in spite of the opposition which the sugar interests in several countries will not fail to raise, there is now every likelihood that such a system will be carried out by a convention when the Conference meets again next spring.

More than this the most sanguine opponent of the bounties had no right to expect. A delay of some months is, of course, necessary to permit each Government to prepare the scheme of law for its own national requirements. Each of these schemes must then be submitted for international approval; since no Government will be so Quixotic as to abolish bounties while its own sugar industry is left exposed to the unfair competition of neighbouring nations. It is worthy of remark that the countries which are actually taking part in the Conference are Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, the Netherlands, Russia, Spain, and Sweden, so that the whole of the beet-growing countries, and five-sixths of the cane-supplying regions, which comprise the colonies of England, France, Holland, and Spain, are represented. Brazil, which produces a quarter of a million tons of cane-sugar, and the United States, where about half that quantity is grown, did not hold aloof, but, owing to certain accidents of technical etiquette, are at present only represented "officiusement." It may, therefore, be said that the entire sugar world has, for the first time in history, formed the serious intention of remedying a general malady of trade.

There is one skeleton at the feast, however, and one exception to the general harmony of opinion. Belgium is usually looked upon as a State less bitten by Protection than her Continental neighbours. It is therefore, at first sight, surprising that she is the only nation which has refused, while signing the Protocol, to signify her desire to see the sugar bounties abolished in the particular way proposed. The opposition of Belgium, however, seems upon examination to be less serious than this expression of reserve might imply. We gather, in fact, that the Belgian delegates were even in entire sympathy with their colleagues on the desirability of abolishing bounties. What they object to is the imposition of a strict system of supervision in their manufactories and refineries. No doubt the real fact is that the Belgian sugar establishments are smaller and more intermittent in their work than those of France and Germany, and it may very probably be the case that Excise supervision, with its inevitable restrictions, would prove both unpopular and costly to the Belgians. But it seems to us that the natural remedy is the abolition of the duty, which only brings in 600,000*l.* out of twelve millions, the total revenue, and must always cost a large sum to collect. Instead of suggesting this alteration, the Belgian delegates appear from the draft Convention to have proposed merely a reduction of the duty, and an increase of the assumed or taxed yield. In a previous article we went somewhat minutely into this question of legal yield, and we need only repeat the importance of recollecting that the bounties as at present given are mainly indirect, that is to say, are caused by the taxation of the raw material employed being insufficient, while the full amount, that should have been paid, is returned to the taxpayer, as a drawback, when the sugar is exported.

If we apply this to Belgium, we find that the tax is levied there

on the juice of the beet upon the assumption that a hectolitre of juice of a certain density will produce 1,500 grammes of sugar. If, as is admitted to be the case, 1,700 or even 1,750 grammes of sugar are made from this hectolitre of juice, it is obvious that the 200 or 250 grammes in excess of the supposed yield will pay no duty if consumed at home, and if exported will receive back as "draw-back" a sum of money which has never been paid, thus getting a bounty.

It is also evident that, even if 1,500 grammes is the average true yield of a hectolitre for the whole of Belgium, there will be great differences of yield between one district and another; so that, as has been alleged by certain Dutch authorities, it is possible for the richer beets near the Dutch frontier to get a considerable bounty on being exported to Holland, and thus the Dutch sugar-growers be injured. For this reason there is no doubt that a system of strict bonded manufacture is the only one that will avoid mutual recrimination between the sugar-growers. It is satisfactory to find that both Germany and Austria have already paved the way for such a system, the former by adopting a new consumption tax on sugar, which must, of course, be collected under Excise supervision, and the latter by the whole duty being paid in this way, and by the repayment on all sugar exported of an open bounty, which can be taken off when other countries cease to give their indirect bounties.

We observe that neither the Protocol nor the Convention contains any penal clause. The desirability of such a clause can hardly, however, fail to be discussed when the delegates meet to resume their labours. It is clear that sugar imported from a non-bounty-giving country is brought into the foreign market at a disadvantage in comparison with sugar that has received a bounty; but the remedy is not easy to find. Indirect bounties caused in the way we have described vary according to season and locality, and every parcel of sugar ought to have a distinct rate of countervailing duty applied in order to put it on a par with what is bounty-fed. Prohibition of all sugar from a bounty-giving country would be easier of application, but a very stern remedy; and the Conference is to be congratulated on going so far on the road towards the abolition of bounties without having to enter into this thorny question.

The paragraph in the Protocol which appears to contemplate the general adoption of the French system of saccharimetry does not seem to us to be of so much value as the rest. If a secure system of manufacturing and refining in bond is established in all countries, no duty will be paid on what is exported, and there can therefore be no drawback and no bounty. For statistical purposes, however, it would always be useful to have a common standard of what is sugar; and, until a better system be invented, the French method is undoubtedly the best, and far in advance of the so-called Dutch standards of colour. These latter have probably led more traders into the downward path of defrauding the Customs than any other rubric in a protective tariff. There were many pitfalls among which the Baron de Worms, as President of the Conference, had to steer his way, and among the most dangerous of these must have been the tendency to allow the abolition of protective duties to form part of the programme of the Sugar Conference. We are glad that we find no allusion to this question in the Protocol. To insist on absolute free trade in sugar between all the Great Powers would be a much stronger measure than abolition of bounties on export. The Conference was very wise in leaving the home market, for the present, to the discretion of each country. It would never do, by being in too great a hurry, to imperil the immediate question of the abolition of the bounties. Later congresses, we trust, will proceed to further successes; but one thing well done is enough on one occasion.

It is fortunate that Lord Salisbury was able, at Derby, to welcome the termination of the labours of the Sugar Congress at the very moment that he declared so courageously for Free-trade. The harmony between Free-trade and the abolition of bounties is one which is often wilfully concealed. But it is worthy of notice that one of the most important of the deputations which has been waiting on the British delegates, was that of the London Trades Council, representing many thousand Trade-Unionists, who professed themselves staunch Free-traders, and who on that very account declared themselves especially anxious for the suppression of the bounties. From the point of view of the working-man, then, as well as from that of the many British industries connected with sugar-refining, besides those more obvious interests of our cane-growing colonies, the action of Lord Salisbury's Government in promoting the Conference will give very general satisfaction. The choice of Baron de Worms to preside over the Conference was one greatly to be commended, and, in congratulating ourselves on the extraordinarily successful result of the deliberations of the delegates, we are far from failing to appreciate the tact, patience, and intelligence of the President. Baron de Worms has the satisfaction of knowing that he has conspicuously strengthened the hands of the Government of which he is a member.

SIBERIA.

FROM one point of view *Siberia*, the new melodrama at the Princess's Theatre—new, that is to say, to England, for it appears to have met with well-merited failure six years ago in America—is a very remarkable work. As a general rule, a play

has something to recommend it. Though the main plot may be bad, effective episodes may be introduced; incidents may be crudely devised, when the central idea of the drama is good; feeble construction may be redeemed by telling dialogue; or, again, though the dialogue be poor, it may be possible to commend characters well drawn and contrasted. Even if there be nothing to praise so far as the dramatist is concerned, plays are sometimes forced into prosperity by excellence of representation, and the scene-painter may exert a beneficial influence. *Siberia* is an exceptional piece because it has absolutely nothing whatever that is even faintly commendable about it. The last production at this theatre, *Shadows of a Great City*, we thought a bad play, notwithstanding that the artistic hand of Mr. Joseph Jefferson had been concerned in it; but there was in that work some ingenuity. *Siberia*, we are sure, is a very bad play indeed, and it is as devoid of ingenuity as of any other good quality. The story is about certain Russians who were sent to the mines of Siberia, some for offences which are not specified—and therefore the audience cannot tell to what extent the prisoners deserve their fate—and others for crimes that are set forth, among these latter being the heroine, who is condemned for stabbing the abductor of her sister, a curiously mild Russian edition of Tarquin. The prisoners revolt, murder the officer in command of the station, and escape to Odessa. There they make their way—those of them, we cannot say in whom the audience is interested, for this would be to convey a misconception, but those of whom the spectators have seen most—to an inn, and they are about to be re-arrested by the assailant of innocence, when there jumps up an old gentleman, who throws aside a false beard, casts off his long robe—one such as Faust wears in the first act—and orders that the Nihilists may be permitted to proceed on their way to America, whither they are bound. We could not make out from the playbill who he was, and that is of course our misfortune, for he was obviously somebody, or he would not have worn the star-bedecked uniform which his robe concealed. There are many points in this silly play on which we might dwell with profit, as we believe, to the young dramatist who desires to know how not to do it; but we will content ourselves with inquiring into the proceedings of the Governor-General—for we think he may have been a Governor-General, as there was one in the programme whom we could not otherwise identify. These prisoners, as we have seen, having mutinied and assassinated their chief taskmaster, fled and arrived at Odessa. Now the Governor-General must have known either something or nothing of their proceedings and escape. If he knew nothing, how came he to dress himself up a little after the fashion of Father Christmas and go to await developments in the Odessa tavern? How did he chance to know they would visit that particular place? If he knew something, why did not he, as a man in high authority, at once cause these escaped prisoners, who had added murder to their offences, to be arrested? The representation struck us as quite worthy of the playwright, Mr. Bartley Campbell, who is now, as we regret, but are not at all surprised, to hear, an inmate of a lunatic asylum. When Miss Mary Rorke is otherwise than stolid, she seems to us tediously lachrymose. It is true that if heroines are tedious some little fleeting pleasure may be derived from a contemplation of their sufferings, but this is at the expense of the drama. Miss Mary Rorke played the part of the maiden—we are not clear whether she was a Jewess or not: perhaps it does not matter, indeed we are sure it does not, but the point was raised in the play—who was abducted. Miss Grace Hawthorne was the sister who stabbed the abductor, and he, we are tolerably sure, was the nephew of the Governor-General, the gorgeous being who so quaintly aided the escape of the Nihilists from Odessa. It should be no reproach to an actress of melodrama that she is melodramatic, and we do not reproach Miss Hawthorne with this; our grievance against her is that her delivery and gesture are alike strained and unnatural. The robustness of Mr. Barnes might possibly be serviceable in some characters. Here he plays a Russian soldier, a Nihilist, who gets up the Siberian revolt. No actor could raise his reputation by the treatment of such a part—unless indeed he was able to make known the fact that he had refused to play it.

THE GLADSTONIAN SUCCESSION.

THE announcement that Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, had returned to England was speedily followed by an announcement that Mr. Gladstone had made preparations for going to Italy. These movements may not have stood to each other in the relation of cause and effect. *Post hoc* is not always *propter hoc*; nor is a sequence necessarily a consequence. But Mr. Gladstone had every reason for getting as quickly as he could out of Dr. Parker's way, and putting as large a space of sea and land as he could conveniently interpose between that enterprising divine and himself. Dr. Parker, who seems to be the Barnum of the Dissenting meeting-house, had offered to dispose of Mr. Gladstone by auction between three American newspapers, and to knock him down to the highest bidder. He could not bring him over to the United States; but he undertook to interview him, apparently whether Mr. Gladstone liked it or not, and to send over a report of the conversation to the journal that would give him most for it. Mr. Gladstone is not very sensitive to considerations of what is becoming; but he has probably found it necessary to draw the line at Dr. Parker. We hope that he will be

safe in Florence; but two can go to Florence, and it is quite possible that Dr. Parker may turn up there. It is usually thought that London is the safest place of hiding for a gentleman who desires for any reason to escape observation; but the experience of Mr. Parnell throws some doubt upon this long-established doctrine, and probably the private police of the *Times* would have disinterred Mr. Gladstone if he had sought a pseudonymous refuge in some suburban retreat.

The speculations which have followed the announcement of Mr. Gladstone's ultramarine and transient retirement are rather curious. People have begun to talk about his successor, as if his flight, like that of James II., was an abdication. Sir William Harcourt probably views these discussions much as the Prince of Wales a century and more ago regarded the debates on the Regency, and the denial of his right to fill the interregal space with the full powers of sovereignty. Sir William Harcourt has been the Opposition leader during Mr. Gladstone's periods of absence from the House of Commons, subject to his occasional looking in to see that matters were going right, and, if they were, to put them wrong. Sir William Harcourt is the Hercules on whom the wearied Atlas of the State has devolved the burden which from time to time he has been indisposed to bear. The discussions as to the future leadership of the Gladstonian party proceed upon the assumption that the Gladstonian party will survive Mr. Gladstone. This is a very doubtful hypothesis. Mr. Gladstone is as much the party as Handel on a well-known occasion was "de gompny." The Canningites did not very long survive Mr. Canning, nor the Peelites Sir Robert Peel; and the Gladstonians have no reason and scarcely any possibility of existence apart from Mr. Gladstone. Home Rule, in the Gladstonian sense, is not likely to outlast its promulgator. When he disappears from public life, it will most probably disappear with him. Mr. Gladstone, it is known through his own confession, suffered during fifteen years from suppressed Home Rule, the most dangerous form which any malady can assume. Now that it has appeared on the surface, and has been communicated to other members of the body, it is probably on the way to complete expulsion from the system. If it should prove more durable than there is any reason to anticipate, the question presents itself how long Sir William Harcourt is likely to remain a Home Ruler. His opinions are not marked by permanence.

Frequent as fashions, they with him appear,
And you might ask, "How thinks he for the year?"

A long term of Opposition does not suit his temperament. Considerations of time and place, especially of place, have great weight with Sir William Harcourt; and, if the opportunity of serving his country under Lord Salisbury or Lord Hartington should present itself, it would show a very inadequate recognition of Sir William Harcourt's versatility and power of accommodation to assume that any morbid regard to consistency would prevent his placing himself at the disposal of any Minister who should think his aid worth asking. It would be doing Sir William Harcourt an injustice to judge him by his present language and demeanour. He is quite capable, if circumstances should require it, of assuming the part of the moderate and respectable statesman, and of dwelling in decencies, if not for ever, yet for a considerable period. Otherwise his leadership even of the Gladstonian party, assuming it to survive its eponymous hero, would be next to impossible. Harlequin could scarcely be the recognized Parliamentary chief of any party asking the confidence of the country; and it is quite probable that decorum, sobriety of demeanour, and a chastened purity of language may have their turn in Sir William Harcourt's political career.

There are only two of Sir William Harcourt's colleagues and associates in the latest Ministry of Mr. Gladstone, and on the front Opposition bench of the House of Commons, who can even be thought of in competition with him. Mr. John Morley, though he has not altogether escaped the deteriorating influences which have been at work during the past two years in the political party to which he belongs, possesses what Sir William Harcourt lacks—character, distinction, and intellectual sincerity. It would have been a public calamity if the illness from which he is now happily recovering had withdrawn these qualities from the political group in which he alone represents them. But Mr. Morley has not yet succeeded in making himself a Parliament-man. He has not become a debater. He has in a very unusual degree the faculty of addressing with effect an audience which agrees with him; and in the degradation which has come upon the platform speaking of our time, the fact that, after Mr. Gladstone, he is the most acceptable of the Separatist orators is a redeeming feature and hopeful symptom. But this power is very different from that of addressing an audience like that of the House of Commons, divided in opinion. To speak amid cries of "Hear! hear!" is one thing, to speak amid cries of "Oh! oh!" is another. Moreover, a Parliamentary leader, if he is not a master of debate, must be a master of public business. Both qualities are of course desirable. One or the other is essential; and neither Mr. Morley's training nor his habits of mind have qualified him for this part of the work. It may also be doubted whether Mr. Morley's opinions are compatible with Parliamentary leadership. He is essentially a politician rather of the French than of the English type, of the Revolution of 1789 and not of the Revolution of 1688; and although he is quite capable of a sensible and honest opportunism, yet the goal towards which he travels is not that to which even English Radicalism of the pre-Conybeare period is disposed to set its face.

A year ago men were looking with hope, and even confidence, to the political future of Sir George Trevelyan. The hope has become despair, the confidence something more than distrust. It would not be quite correct to say that Sir George Trevelyan has committed political suicide; but he has so seriously wounded himself as to lose the power of active service. By becoming a Gladstonian he has forfeited any claim to the Gladstonian leadership. This may seem a paradox, but the time will give it proof. What might have befallen Sir George Trevelyan if he had had the patience to wait no one can say. But he had not the patience; and it is not often that anything comes to the man who is in a hurry. Politicians before now have made mistakes apparently as serious as Sir George Trevelyan has committed; but none, so far as we know, which have shown so fatal and so incurable an infirmity of character. He is a twofold deserter, and having run away first from the Separatists and afterwards from the Unionists, is now prevented only by paralysis of will and purpose from running away from himself.

These speculations assume that the Gladstonian party will survive Mr. Gladstone, and that Home Rule will continue to form a part of its creed. The probability is, however, that when Mr. Gladstone withdraws from political life, Gladstonism will be absorbed into the old Liberalism; and Gladstonian Home Rule will serve no other purpose than to supply a topic for electioneering speeches in constituencies in which there is an Irish vote to be caught. The question will be first hung up and then dropped; and, on various pretexts, this, that, and the other members of the Gladstonian party will return to the Liberal fold, leaving, according to precedent, his tail behind him. Mr. John Morley will no doubt be true to his convictions; but most of his present associates have no conviction on the matter to be true to; and professions are easily changed. The Home Rule party, so far as it is an English party, will become a group below the gangway, confined to politicians of the Labouchere, Conybeare, and Wilfrid Lawson type. If it were otherwise, a solution of the problem of leadership might reasonably and justly be found in the selection of Mr. Parnell. Whatever is equivocal or disreputable in his past career has been condoned and sheltered by the language and doctrines of Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, and other considerable persons. Mr. Parnell is a master of Parliamentary tactics, and has the temperament of a Parliamentary leader. Now that the Gladstonians have become Parnellites, there is no reason why he should not assume in name the position which he holds in fact, and ostensibly control the party of which he is really the master.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

IF the *Phormio* is not the best of the four plays performed at Westminster, it, at any rate, contains a greater variety of comic business than the other three, and a larger number of those characters which boys are likely to appreciate and to enjoy acting. Beside the usual slave there is the impudent parasite *Phormio*, and the termagant *Nausistrata*, while the ludicrous awe of his wife in which *Chremes* stands makes his part, too, more broadly comic than Terence's old men generally are. The plot of the play is tolerably well known from its frequent performance at Westminster, and any who are not acquainted with it already may find a tolerably close imitation of it in *Les fourberies de Scapin*. Molière has improved on his model in one respect at least. Terence rather fritters away the effect of the stratagems which bring both intrigues to a conclusion by dividing the working of them pretty evenly between *Phormio* and the slave *Geta*. The poet, as he tells us in his prologue, intended *Phormio* to be the principal character, but in the play it is far more by *Geta's* ready wit than by *Phormio's* that the action is brought to a satisfactory end; the slave's oft-expressed admiration of the parasite's cunning has always struck us as a remarkable instance of self-depreciation in one of a class not generally noted for modesty. Of *Phormio's* exploits the bringing about of the marriage is accomplished before the curtain rises, while his master-stroke in revealing to *Nausistrata* her husband's infidelity comes in the fifth act, when the real action of the play is already ended. It is true that the minor intrigue is thus satisfactorily concluded; but as this is of the very slenderest interest, to begin with, and has outlived the main plot, no one in the audience cares a pin whether it is settled or not. The one clever piece of roguery which is carried out on the stage is *Geta's* extortion of the thirty minae from the reluctant old men. By assigning to *Scapin* the cream of both parts, Molière gives to his picture of a knave triumphant a completeness which Terence just misses.

We understand that the performance at Westminster this year has been rendered more difficult by the inability of one or two of the most promising actors to take part in it. The loss of an actor of such real comic power as the one who played *Mysis* in the *Andria*, and again *Micio* a year ago, could not but be felt, especially when one considers from how small a number of boys the cast of the play has to be drawn. Some of the parts, however, were very competently filled. Mr. Barwell, though he was now and then a little wanting in "go," played *Geta* well, and was quite free from awkwardness. His elocution was good, as indeed was that of nearly all the performers. *Geta's* parody of his master's enumeration of the misfortunes which are to be expected on returning home was admirably spoken, and his narration in the first act of the events leading up to *Antipho's* marriage entirely

escaped the tediousness which weak recitation would have given to it. Mr. Olivier as Phormio was less successful. He alone of the performers was indistinct of utterance, and he lost much of the force of Phormio's side hits at Demipho in the second act by delivering them with an air of deliberate malice. Such lines as

nam tua
Præterierat jam ad cuedum ætas

depend for much of their effect upon being spoken without apparent consciousness of their effect upon the old man, and as if they were merely necessary parts of Phormio's case. In the last act, however, where Phormio reveals her husband's secret to Nausistrata, Mr. Olivier was very much better; and this act, superfluous as it is dramatically, was decidedly the most successful of all. The part of Nausistrata, the shrewish wife, was admirably played by Mr. J. S. Phillimore, who is still the possessor of a clear treble voice and of that gift of untaught elocution which sometimes goes along with it. The part is one in which a boy gifted with a sense of humour is sure to delight, and it was played with a vigour and *abandon* which were very pleasing to witness. The delivery of the wife's retort upon her husband—

Adeone indignum hoc tibi videtur, filius
Homo adolescens si habet unam amicam, tu uxores duas?—

fairly brought down the house. The only fault that could possibly be found with Nausistrata was her make-up, which recalled a painful situation in one of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's operas:—

I really do not see
How a girl so young as she
Could be mother of a man of three-and-twenty.

For the rest, the old men were fairly well represented; and Mr. Hamilton as Dorio, the owner of Pamphila, presented a sufficiently truculent appearance. By-the-bye, the delicacy which softened down his proper style and title to the vague *homo* was, in one line, a little unfortunate for the metre.

To frequenters of the Westminster Play who feel that the four comedies which form the cycle are almost too familiar, the prologue and epilogue are perhaps more interesting than the play itself. It sometimes happens that the uneventful history of a year gives little scope to the ingenuity of the writers, but with the Queen's Jubilee to furnish the serious interest of the prologue, and the choice between the mobs of Trafalgar Square and the more ludicrous escapade of Mr. Wilfred Blunt for the jests of the epilogue, there is on this occasion no dearth of matter. The prologue is no longer, as in the days of Dr. Scott, contributed by the Head Master. A distinguished Cambridge scholar, who, by the way, is not, as the *Times* would have him, an Old Westminster, now refers in graceful iambics to the glories of last June, and laments the losses of the school by death. A striking feature in the annual obituary record is the age attained to by Old Westminsters. Of the eleven names on the list this year, seven are those of men who lived eighty years and more, while the only one who failed to reach seventy is Mr. F. G. Trevor, who by a sad coincidence played the part of Geta when last the *Phormio* was given five years ago. In the epilogue the parasite Phormio figures appropriately as an Irish M.P.; Chremes is a sympathizing English Radical, who, with his wife Nausistrata (a most courageous woman), has braved, sorely against his will, the horrors of sea-sickness and the *batons* of the police to aid his downtrodden brethren. They bring with them their son's infant child, which is introduced for the purpose of being christened "Gladstonius Parnellus O'Brienus," and of being aimed at by a brutal constable. The meeting which was to be held is, of course, proclaimed and broken up. The writing of the piece is a little unequal. But there were several good lines:—

Ungue maritales usque notante genas
is a happily audacious parody of Ovid, and the tactics of the Land League are aptly expressed in another pentameter:—

Nec referunt caudas ad sua tecta boves.

Nausistrata, again, justifies the first name of her grandson by the hope:—

forsan et hunc olim secuisse juvabit
Quæ possit pretio vendere ligna suo.

While Phormio exhorts his hearers:—

Urbem Mitchellii nos meminisse decet.

The part of Nausistrata, the strong-minded wife, was here again excellently played. The players were naturally more at home in modern dress than in the tunics, robes, and sandals of the comedy. The stage management was good throughout, and it seemed to us that the waits between the acts were shorter than usual.

THE REPORTED CONVERSION OF CONSOLS.

ACCORDING to rumour, the Chancellor of the Exchequer contemplates attempting next year the conversion of the Three per Cent. Debt into stock bearing a lower rate of interest. Clearly it is his duty to do so if he is of opinion that the time is favourable. That it is favourable every one would agree, if we were to take account only of financial considerations. The growth of wealth and population all over the world has for many years past been steadily increasing the demand for sound investment securities. At the same time, the supply of those securities has

been growing less. The United States have paid off so much of their Debt that practically American Government bonds have ceased to be held in Europe, while at home they stand at a very high premium. Our own Government has been reducing its Debt very materially, though quite inconsiderably compared with the rate of the American reduction. And the condition of the Continent has been making investors less and less ready to buy the bonds of foreign Governments. The natives of each particular State invest in the bonds of their own Government; but, speaking generally, there is a shyness regarding foreign Government bonds, if perhaps we except Germany, where for a few years past there has been a rash speculation in such securities. The result is a constant rise in the prices of sound investment securities. The rise began most markedly in Consols; so that in 1884 Mr. Childers believed the time had come to attempt a conversion. That attempt led many holders to sell Consols and to buy Colonial Government bonds and the debenture and preference stocks of home railways. There has in consequence been a very great rise in the latter classes of securities. The debenture and preference stocks of our English railways yield on an average only from 3 to 3½ per cent. to the investor, and the prices of Colonial Government bonds are in many cases extravagantly high. It is true that Consols have not risen proportionately as much as debenture and preference stocks and Colonial bonds; but they have recovered to nearly the price at which they stood when Mr. Childers's conversion scheme was proposed, and they have only failed to advance farther because all the world believes that conversion will again be attempted at an early date. It is noteworthy, however, that the Two and a half per Cents stand now at about 94½. At this price they yield a fraction less than 2½ per cent. Apparently, then, if we may take the Two and a half per Cents as fairly representing the market estimate of the credit of our Government, the British Government can borrow at par at about 2½ per cent. It is true that the Two and three-quarters per Cent. stock, which, according to this estimate, ought to be slightly over par, is just fractionally under par; but then the Two and three-quarters per Cent. stock only slightly exceeds 4½ millions in amount, while the Two and a half per Cent. stock is nearly 33½ millions. In other words, the Two and a half is nearly eight times the amount of the Two and three-quarters. It is notorious that a large stock is always a better index to the market opinion than a small stock, because in the large stock dealings are frequent and easy, while in the small stock they are restricted, and there is consequently a prejudice against buying or selling them. We seem to be justified, then, in assuming that the Two and a half per Cent. stock fairly represents the present market estimate of the credit of the British Government, and, consequently, the conversion would be easy if only peace were secured. Were a great war to break out and our own country to be involved in it it is certain that we should have to raise very large loans, and we should probably have to pay much more than even 3 per cent. for, at all events, a portion of what we borrowed. Even if our country were able to keep out of the fray, the immense loans that would be raised by the belligerent Governments would draw so largely upon the savings of the world as to raise everywhere very considerably the rate of interest. Consequently, if a great war were to break out, or were believed to be imminent, conversion would be impracticable.

The National Debt consists of the Three per Cents, the Two and three-quarters per Cents, the Two and a half, a small amount of Three and a half, Treasury Bills, Exchequer Bonds, and Terminable Annuities. It is only the Three per Cents which it is proposed to convert. They amount, in round figures, to 581 millions. This is a very large sum to deal with; and it is justly urged that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would not be justified in attempting conversion unless he has a reasonable prospect of success. To try and fail would be to damage the Government's prestige, to harass and annoy the national creditors, and to disturb a most important market. Consequently it is argued that it would be better to try conversion in detail. The Three per Cents consist of Consols, amounting to very nearly 330 millions; Reduced Three per Cents, somewhat exceeding 71 millions; and New Three per Cents, slightly exceeding 180 millions; the whole together, as we have said, amounting to somewhat over 581 millions. Now it is contended that the wisest course would be to deal with the Reduced Threes at first. They amount to only a little over 77 millions, and of this total about 16 millions are held by Government departments. Practically, therefore, only about 61 millions would have to be dealt with. This is a sum which could be very easily managed. If the Reduced Threes were converted, then the New Threes could next be taken in hand. The amount of Two and a half in existence would be so increased that a free market would be created in them, and all the national creditors would be impressed with the conviction that conversion had been made sure. The argument is undoubtedly a strong one, but there are certain fatal practical objections to it. The first is that it has the appearance of dealing unfairly with one class of the national creditors. Why, it would be asked, should the holders of Reduced Threes be compelled to submit to a sacrifice which the holders of Consols and of New Threes are not called upon immediately to undergo? The only answer would be that the holders of Reduced are less capable of making resistance than the holders of the other two classes; and it is at least a dangerous thing to give the impression that the Government will deal hardly with such of its creditors as are not likely to offer it a formidable resistance. For this reason there is a very strong dislike on the

part of bankers and capitalists generally to deal piecemeal with the Debt; and, as it is obviously necessary that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should secure the co-operation of the great bankers, their dislike to any partial mode of procedure is practically fatal. There is a second objection, that piecemeal conversion implies the putting off of the conversion of more than five-sixths of the Debt for another year; but, in the present state of Europe, who can be sure that peace will be maintained for another year? We are inclined to think, therefore, that, if conversion is attempted, the whole Three per Cent. Debt must be dealt with at once.

There are many reasons for offering an exchange at par of Three per Cents into Two and three-quarters. As we have just seen, the Two and three-quarters per Cent. stock is but fractionally under par, and the real borrowing power of our Government is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., while the price of Consols is less than 2 per cent. above par. But Mr. Childers's experiment seems to have decided that the public will not have Two and three-quarters per Cents. As we have pointed out above, there are nearly eight times as much Two and a half per Cent. stock as there is Two and three-quarters per Cent. stock; and the reason is plain enough. The general impression is that by-and-bye the credit of our Government will be good enough to borrow at par at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Therefore, it is assumed that the Two and a half per Cent. stock is the stock of the future. But nobody expects that the Government will be able to borrow at a lower rate of interest, at all events for a time that need now be taken into consideration. If, therefore, a holder of Three per Cents were now to accept of Two and three-quarters per Cents, he would expect a fresh conversion at a future time; and, as investors hate these constant changes, they generally much prefer to have the conversion made complete once for all, so as to be able to feel that they will not be bothered in future by proposals to accept a lower rate of interest. It may be doubted whether, for these reasons, a simple offer of Two and three-quarters per Cents would be accepted; while it is not improbable that the Two and a half per Cents might be taken, if the offer were coupled with a solemn engagement not to convert again for a long term of years. But, of course, a bonus would have to be given to the holders of the Three per Cents. Nobody could be expected to give up $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of his interest which, in the case of the Three per Cents, would amount to a sixth of the whole income derivable from the Government funds, without getting some equivalent for what he gives up. The question is what the bonus ought to be. At present the price of Two and a half is about $101\frac{1}{2}$, and that of Consols about $101\frac{1}{2}$, or somewhat under. There is thus a difference of $\frac{1}{2}$ in the price; and the difference between the price of the Two and a half and the Two and three-quarters is about $\frac{1}{2}$. Probably a bonus of 5 or 6 per cent. would suffice. The objection to such a bonus is obvious. It increases the capital of the Debt, and consequently the sum which in the end will have to be repaid. For that reason a conversion into Two and three-quarters would be preferable; but, as we have been pointing out, the market is against Two and three-quarters per Cents, and against such a dislike there is no argument. After all, the increase in the capital of the Debt would be more than set off by the saving in interest. If the whole of the Three per Cents were converted, even allowing for the bonus that would have to be given and for the cost of the conversion of every kind, the saving would exceed two millions a year. This would be equivalent to a penny in the pound Income-tax, and would, if the continuance of peace were likely, enable the Chancellor of the Exchequer to reduce the Income-tax by that amount, or to undertake some great reconstruction of our taxation system which would perhaps effect even a greater saving still.

SOME RECENT CONCERTS.

IT is with genuine pleasure that we find ourselves enabled to begin this article by calling attention to the marked improvement that is to be noted in the London Symphony Concerts in their second season. The quality of the band has greatly improved. Mr. Henschel has made real progress as a conductor, and the programmes have been rendered infinitely more attractive. There is still, as might be expected, room for further improvement in all these particulars; but it says little for the genuine love of art in London that such works as the Overture to *Iphigénie en Aulide* and Wagner's *Träume* should, although adequately rendered, draw a comparatively small audience together. In the last-mentioned work Mr. Henschel has perhaps achieved more perfect success than in any other hitherto presented by him. Mr. Henschel is rarely heard to advantage in *forte* passages, which he still continues but too often to rush with unseemly haste and a painful want of steadiness. His treatment of the *Euryanthe* Overture, with which the first concert of the present series opened on November 15th, affords a marked instance of Mr. Henschel's temperament as a conductor, the *piano* passages being rendered with care, refinement, and, we may add, with genuine poetic feeling; while the *forte* were on the extreme verge of coarseness, noisiness, and uncertainty. These defects were again noticeable in a minor degree in his interpretation of the "(No. 3) *Leonora*" Overture, given on November 29th, which it is, however, only just to add, was in the main played with commendable precision and enthusiasm by the band. The

tempi chosen by Mr. Henschel continue, in some instances, to be wholly inexcusable. This is notably the case with his eminently peculiar and unsatisfactory reading of the Overture to *Tannhäuser*, which, after his experience of last year, he still takes at an utterly disastrous and indefensible speed. So far Mr. Henschel's orchestra has only been heard in two of Beethoven's symphonies—the Fifth and the Eighth—this season. The Fifth Symphony met with far more efficient handling on November 15th than fell to its lot when Mr. Henschel first presented it last year; but we cannot pass over in silence the fashion in which he drags the first movement. The Eighth Symphony was well played from beginning to end; although Mr. Henschel laid a somewhat heavy hand upon the exquisitely light and delicate Allegretto Scherzando—a fault, by the way, from which Dr. Richter is not entirely free when he conducts this Symphony, of which one so rarely hears a satisfactory all-round performance. Both conductors would do well to follow M. Lamoureux's example in this particular instance. Schubert's Symphony in B Minor, and Schumann's Symphony in C have also been given by Mr. Henschel this season, but his interpretation of them calls for no special comment. Mr. Henschel has done real service in making the public acquainted with Wagner's Symphony in C. It is in all respects a most interesting work, and in our opinion shows more original genius than most critics are willing to allow it. But setting aside some of the deep, broad harmonies which are to be met with in all the four movements, and which are as characteristic of their composer as anything that he ever wrote, we must still give it high praise, if it be only viewed as a brilliantly successful paraphrase of Beethoven. We hear of the intention of the Wagner family to withdraw the right of performing it on the expiration of Mr. Henschel's contract with them with as much regret as we should experience if it were in contemplation to destroy the early studies of Eugène Delacroix. The second performance of this Symphony, which took place on Wednesday last, was a decided advance upon the first both in breadth and finish. Upon the performance of the "Charfreitag-Zauber," from the third act of *Parsifal*, given on the 13th of December, we have in the main nothing but praise to bestow. Mr. Barnby conducted with judgment and care, and Mr. Henschel has never been heard to greater advantage as a singer than in the part of Gurnemund. The part of Parsifal was taken by Mr. O. Niemann, the son of the great singer. He was evidently suffering much from nervousness, and gave a more satisfactory taste of his quality later in the evening, when he sang Schubert's "Doppelgänger" and Schumann's "Provençalische Lied," giving abundant evidence of the possession of deep and true dramatic power and an admirable method. It will always remain a vexed question how far it is desirable to give excerpts in the concert-room from operas; but we maintain that, as long as there is no reasonable probability of the audience becoming speedily acquainted with the works in their entirety, the practice is more than justifiable, and it seems to us that Mr. Henschel has been well advised in this difficult undertaking. Among soloists, Mme. Norman-Neruda has been heard at the London Symphony Concerts not to very great advantage in Beethoven's Concerto in D, in Mozart's Adagio in E, and in Bach's Prelude in E. Signor Piatti has never played better—and no higher praise can be given him—than he did on the 13th December, when he was heard in the Largo from Boccherini's Fifth Sonata for violoncello with pianoforte accompaniment, and in his own "Bergamasca," which is admirably fitted for the display of all his rarest qualities. Mlle. Janotha's rendering of Chopin's Concerto in F Minor came as a delightful surprise after some of her recent performances, and Mr. Bernhard Stavenhagen has shown power of a rare order in his interpretation of Liszt's ungrateful Concerto in E Flat, and in Bach's chromatic Fantasia and Fugue. Miss Lena Little sang "La Captive" of Berlioz, with faultless taste and feeling, at the fourth of the present series of concerts. It seems almost idle to point out how much this exquisite and thoughtful work gains on each successive hearing. We may conclude our notice of the London Symphony Concerts so far by calling attention to Mr. Henschel's efficient rendering of Brahms' Academic Festival Overture—a performance which, it seems to us, cannot be too often repeated.

The three concerts given by the Heckmann Quartet cannot be spoken of in terms of too high praise, and the work they have so far done in London commands the respect of every true lover of Beethoven. The performance of his Quartet in B Flat, and of the Fugue, which has given rise to so much unseemly scribbling, at this first concert, was a strictly logical proceeding, and worthy of the highest admiration. We wish that there were more artists among us of such genuine enthusiasm and single-hearted endeavour. But the chief claim of these artists to our gratitude is to be found in their admirable exposition of the grand C Sharp Minor Quartet—perhaps the most perfect of all Beethoven's achievements—the most noble enunciation in music of all that is loftiest and greatest in human life and aspiration. In addition to their masterly interpretation of this work, the Heckmann Quartet has been heard in Brahms' Sonata for violin and piano, excellently played by Herr Heckmann and Mme. Haas; in Sgambati's Quartet in D Flat Major (first time), a work of extraordinary power; in Joa. Rheinberger's Quartet in F Major, a somewhat empty and pretentious work with which we could well have dispensed; and in Schubert's great Quartet in G Major, played with great feeling; besides Mozart's in C Major and Schumann's in A Minor, which was rendered with a perfection almost beyond expectation. We

hope to have many more opportunities of enjoying the faultless ensemble and individual fire of these admirable artists. The Novello Concerts are far from fulfilling the promise of their youth. Latterly great opportunities have been abused by the managers of these concerts. It is sorry work when we have to fall back upon the disinterment of the *Ancient Mariner*, and we cannot speak very highly of the performance of *Ruth*, in which the chorus was at times uncertain and weak, and the orchestra coarse and dominating. Mme. Albani was unequal, Miss Hope Glenn very careful and somewhat cold, while Mr. Lloyd was heard at his best; but we hoped for better things from these concerts, and see no reason why our hopes should not be fulfilled.

BISHOP O'DWYER ON HOME RULE.

OUR readers are no doubt aware of the plentiful and malicious nonsense which has been talked in certain quarters—notably in one—about a supposed "Tory intrigue" between the English Government and Mgr. Persico, the Papal emissary to Ireland, according to which the latter was authorized in their name to strike a bargain with the Pope. His Holiness was to condemn Home Rule on condition of receiving a *quid pro quo* in the shape of certain "concessions," such as the renewal of diplomatic relations, the endowment of a Catholic University for Ireland, &c. The story was so manifestly absurd on the face of it as scarcely to rise into the dignity of "a lie with a circumstance"; it was at all events a lie without a shred of circumstantial evidence. What it really meant of course was that the Parnellite faction and its organs were beginning to fear that Mgr. Persico had used his own eyes without the aid of their spectacles in observing the situation in Ireland, and that his report to the Holy See might not be exactly to their taste. One scheme for averting this danger had indeed been devised by the Roman Catholic section of the English Parnellites to which we took occasion to refer last week. Under the thin disguise of expressing their confident assurance that Mgr. Persico had seen everything in the same light as themselves, they carefully instructed him as to what he ought to have seen and what he ought to say about it. He must have "observed" this, and "appreciated" that, and been "consoled" by the other, and would be able to inform the Holy Father how entirely legitimate and praiseworthy were the aspirations and aims of his Irish children, and how strictly law-abiding and irreproachable was their method of seeking to compass the desired end. And they concluded, with that exquisite refinement of obsequious impudence in which Ultramontane Radicals are most finished adepts, by warning the Holy Father himself—again under the disguise of an expression of their "firm conviction"—not to be misled by any "misrepresentations"—e.g. of the Duke of Norfolk—as to the nature of the decision he was bound to arrive at. But it is always as well to have two strings to your bow, and it is quite conceivable that after all neither Mgr. Persico nor his master may choose to act on the very broad hints thus importunately obtruded upon them. In that case it will be convenient to have "the Tory intrigue" to fall back upon. If the Papal emissary reports wrongly and the Pope pronounces a wrong decision, that will only be because "the Castle" has bought Mgr. Persico, and Mgr. Persico has bamboozled the Pope. A decision in favour of Parnellism will be an utterance of judicial wisdom in every way worthy of the august Head of the Catholic Church; but the value of a decision against it will have been discounted beforehand; it is simply the foregone conclusion of a discreditable intrigue.

But the inventors of this clumsy fiction made the fatal mistake of becoming a little too precise. Instead of contenting themselves with vague generalities, which however absurd could not easily be refuted, they resolved to spot their man—the more so as they would thus have the satisfaction of gibbeting two Irish Roman Catholic bishops, rare exceptions among their brethren, who had the audacity to call their souls their own. Mgr. Persico had exchanged "the healthy atmosphere of the archiepiscopal residence at Dublin" (Dr. Walsh's), where he could imbibe nothing but the purest Parnellite truth, for the tainted air of the diocese of Limerick, and "the Bishop of Limerick, like the Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert and one or two other prelates who could be named, *landlord bishops*, regards the Nationalist agitation with undisguised dislike." It was through these "landlord bishops" that "the Castle" was carrying on its intrigue with Mgr. Persico. This was rather too much for the two bishops who were expressly named, and Bishop O'Dwyer—to whom the Protestant Bishop of Ossory referred in his speech last Tuesday as a prelate universally respected—wrote a letter to the *Freeman's Journal*, which has since been emphatically endorsed by the Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert, Dr. Healy, commenting in plain language on "the very offensive" libel which that journal and the *Pall Mall Gazette* had published about him. From what a Liberal correspondent of the *Times* the other day described as an "infamous evening newspaper," he does not think he had anything better to expect, but for a paper like the *Freeman's Journal*, "professing to be the organ of one of the most Catholic nations in the Church," to treat the Pope and his representative in this manner he considers as gross an outrage on religion as he has ever witnessed. "But under a system of terrorism, from which it is hoped men may shrink into submission to a clique, the decencies and honesty of public life are easily ignored." These

journals have not only presumed to anticipate Mgr. Persico's forthcoming report and the Pope's verdict upon it, but have endeavoured by thinly veiled threats to coerce them. For himself Dr. O'Dwyer is neither "a landlord bishop" nor even a Unionist; on the contrary, he took his place in 1870 by Mr. Isaac Butt as an advocate of Irish self-government, and in that conviction he has never wavered. We may just observe in passing that Home Rule in the mouth of Mr. Butt, though we are very far indeed from meaning to imply that it was either a practical or a desirable scheme, meant something very different from what Home Rule means in the Parnellite programme. As to the Castle intrigue, Bishop O'Dwyer never heard of it, except in the columns of the *Freeman*, and does not believe in its existence; most certainly he never took any part in it himself. He has never taken the part of the landlords against the tenants. On the contrary, he told his clergy only last October that he considered the agitation for self-government and a radical reform of the land system as in itself legitimate and just, "if sought by methods in accordance with the law of God." But Dr. O'Dwyer has not, like some of his episcopal and archiepiscopal colleagues, unlearned the Decalogue. He suspects that there is an awkward connexion between boycotting and murder, and that the Plan of Campaign is inevitably allied with theft and violence. "While I gave my approval to the Land agitation I told them (the clergy) that there were certain methods connected with it that I considered irreligious. I mentioned boycotting. I hold that with an excitable people like ours you cannot mark a man out to be boycotted without a terrible risk of crime—even the crime of murder; and therefore that, however defensible theoretically, in practice it was always sinful." And if this was the case among laymen, as between a priest and his flock it was absolutely scandalous, and the bishop therefore bade his clergy on no account to be partners to it. "I am convinced also, though I had no occasion then to refer to it, that the Plan of Campaign is unjust, and that in the last resource its only sanction is violent resistance to the law." He also observed that out of the Plan of Campaign there had grown up a system of violent agitation which must inevitably bring the people into collision with the armed forces of the Government. "I came to the conviction that boycotting and the Plan of Campaign and violent resistance to the law were bad and sinful. What was I to do? Was I to stifle my conscience for popularity? Is the applause of the people the highest object in life? Am I, a Catholic Bishop, to be allowed to form my own opinions, or must I suppress my own judgment as if I were the paid creature of a political organization?" He thinks the guidance of the agitation at once "politically stupid and morally wrong," and therefore feels bound altogether to stand aloof from it.

This is plain speaking of a kind not too common unfortunately with Irish Catholic bishops since the death of Cardinal McCabe. And it gains rather than loses force from the fact that Bishop O'Dwyer is in some sense of the word a Home Ruler. That his ideal of Irish self-government is an impracticable one we have little doubt; but so long as he refuses to pursue it by any but legitimate and Christian methods "in accordance with the law of God," no one has a right to complain of his cherishing his own views on the subject. And meanwhile a peculiar importance attaches under existing circumstances to the phrase we have just quoted, and to the Bishop's denunciation of boycotting and the Plan of Campaign as "sinful." It is the fashion with politicians of what calls itself "the most Catholic country in the world" to reiterate *usque ad nauseam* that, while they respect the Pope as their religious chief, his authority is nothing to them in other matters; "Mr. Parnell," as they are fond of putting it, "is our political Pope." Only the other day Mr. Dillon indulged in a good deal of tall talk of this kind at Winchester, possibly thinking it would gratify the Dean, who, strange to say, was his host on the occasion. But the Pope certainly has moral authority for Roman Catholics—if they accept the Vatican decrees he has infallible authority—in all questions of "faith and morals." There may be, and often is, a moral side to questions which are called political, and Bishop O'Dwyer's letter shows plainly enough that in the present Irish quarrel the moral aspect of the question predominates. If he feels bound in conscience, as "a Catholic Bishop," to pronounce a stern condemnation of the immorality of boycotting and the Plan of Campaign, it must clearly be competent to the Pope, when the matter comes before him for decision, to pronounce an authoritative judgment which those who acknowledge him as their chief pastor are bound in conscience to respect, even if they are not bound to regard it as an infallible oracle of truth. The simple fact is that, if those who talk in this manner really mean what they say, they are not Roman Catholics but Irish Catholics—which is a very different thing; while, if they are sincere in their religious profession, they know perfectly well that they are talking the merest clap-trap for the delectation of their Protestant or Socialist allies. It is difficult to see how the Pope, when he is appealed to, can refuse to pronounce his judgment on what is so conspicuously a moral problem, and still harder to imagine by what plausible pretext the faithful—to say nothing of their priests and bishops—can evade the obligation of submitting to it. But we cannot safely assume, in the teeth of all past experience, that the enlightened patriots who are represented by the *Freeman's Journal* will not be equal to the emergency. Meanwhile it is satisfactory to know that, if there are many more than seven thousand among the laity, there are still some few left among the Irish bishops who

have not bowed the knee to Baal. Bishops Healy and Dwyer at all events, whatever they may think of Home Rule in the abstract, have yet to be convinced of the propriety of achieving the liberties of the Isle of Saints by transferring the negative from the Commandments to the Creed.

LONDON PARKS AND OPEN SPACES.

IT is easy to dream dreams like Mr. Frederic Harrison of what London and other large towns might become if our present sanitary knowledge were conscientiously enforced; and such dreams are not altogether without their use, as they serve to encourage the more sober-minded citizens to persevere with their several schemes of improvement, no matter how much they may fall short of their realization. There is no greater proof of the advance in popular education in sanitary science than the appreciation by all classes of the community of open spaces; and the representatives of the Kyrle Society and the Public Gardens Association should find little difficulty in inducing the Commissioners of the City Parochial Charities to apply such of their surplus of 50,000*l.* as may have no stronger *cy-près* claim on it to the preservation of open spaces. The desire for solitude or quiet, however, which Miss Octavia Hill urged as a reason for the preservation of such spaces does not seem to be a very strong one, seeing how persistently the country population floods into the towns; but everybody can understand the necessity which exists in many parts of such towns for fresher air and more room for children to exercise their limbs in and rejoice their young hearts with play. It is remarkable, indeed, how little the few opportunities for solitude and quiet which we possess in and about London are appreciated, and what truly gregarious creatures the Cockney and his country cousins are. At the height of the season the "classes" who meet at Hyde Park Corner would be quite comfortable if confined to a space not greater than Lincoln's Inn Fields; while the "masses" are equally content with such small spaces as Kennington, Southwark, and Finsbury Parks, and make few encroachments on the larger areas, such as Hampstead Heath, Wimbledon and Clapham Commons, and Victoria Park, except on Bank Holidays, when they can meet there in great numbers.

In the warm, delightful days at the end of last summer, when the schools were closed, visits during the afternoon and evening to the Parks and open spaces on the east, north, and south of London gave opportunity to study the habits of the masses in this respect, and it would have been found everywhere that the same gregarious habit prevailed. The small, well-laid-out Parks, such as Southwark, Kennington, and Finsbury, and the still smaller open spaces and reclaimed churchyards which we owe chiefly to the exertions of the Public Gardens Association and Kyrle Society, were crowded with children and adults, while the larger Parks, such as Victoria Park, Hackney Common, London Fields, Hackney Downs, Clapham Common, and Hampstead Heath, were almost deserted, except at little centres near the entrance gates or round their margins. The reason of this is not far to seek. The real Cockney is a timid creature and does not like to venture out of sight of bricks and mortar, and he is so utterly ignorant of the charms of a large open space and the things to be found there that he has no inducement to explore them. But the chief reason for the desertion of the larger Parks in the poorer parts of London is that the adults are too busy at work to go to them except on public holidays; and the mothers of the rising generation have been so carefully relieved of the responsibility and personal knowledge of their children by *crèches*, Infant, Board, and Sunday schools, penny-dinner givers, and the like, that they are quite at a loss to know what to do with their precious charges during their short holidays, and dare not trust them out of their sight further than the gutter of their own street or the nearest street open space, where they will be under the eye of the policeman.

It is obvious that, till the working classes learn to appreciate large open spaces, it is desirable to provide them with the smaller open-space refuges near their homes, and it is for the formation of this class of open spaces that the voluntary societies we have already referred to more especially direct their efforts, and for which they seek to obtain some of the surplus funds of the City Charities. It must not be supposed, however, that we wish to encourage the formation of small open spaces at the expense of large ones. Both are necessary, the large ones as "lungs" for our great smoke-begrimed city, and the smaller ones as playgrounds and refuges in the overcrowded parts of it. The tendency is, indeed, to underrate the former and to overrate the latter kind of open space. The great danger of town life is from the increasing density of the population. Men poison each other and spread diseases in proportion to their nearness to each other, and open spaces disperse the men and dilute their poisonous excretions. Pure air destroys some of them, trees absorb others, while the earth and water are also good disinfectants. The large area of 2,718 acres covered by the Thames is a valuable open space for this purpose, so also are the numerous private squares at the western end of London, and for this purpose they are more useful than if they were available as playgrounds; so that the outcry we sometimes hear made against some squares being closed to the public is as unreasonable from a sanitary point of view as it is unjust to their private owners, who, by their foresight, have rendered their property healthier and more valuable, as we see in such districts as Bloomsbury and St. Giles's, which adjoin each other, and are

under the same local management, where the death-rate of the former is little more than half that of the latter district. In view of further efforts to provide open spaces for London, whether by private or public means, it is desirable that a map showing the relative density of small districts should be constructed. Such statements as the one made by Miss Hill that in the West of London there is an acre of open space for every 684 persons, and in the East End only an acre for 7,000 persons, are very misleading, as we know that some parts of the West End, such as Soho, St. Giles's, and Westminster, where the houses are of many stories high, are more densely populated than any corresponding area at the East End, where the houses are rarely more than two or three stories high. Such a map, if properly shaded, would show where the black spots were to be found, and point out the districts to which the greatest efforts to secure open spaces should be directed, as well as where the greatest benefits would be conferred on the residents in them, and through them on the whole of London.

ALEXANDER HERIOT MACKONOCHE.

WHEN Dr. Liddon referred at the close of his sermon at St. Paul's last Sunday to the death of one whose name had been in former years much mixed up with controversy, but who would be permanently remembered for his genuine piety and his lifelong devotion to the service of the poor, few probably of his hearers understood at the moment of whom he was speaking. The news of Mr. Mackonochie's tragical end had reached St. Alban's, Holborn, on Saturday night, but the first public announcement of it was seen in the *Times* of Monday morning. On the sad incidents of his death, which must by this time be familiar to our readers, we have no intention of dwelling here. But we may just remark on the curious coincidence in some respects in the close as in the character and career of the late Mr. Charles Lowder and of Mr. Mackonochie. On each alike the judgment may in one sense be pronounced, *uir opportunitate mortis*. For in spite of all that was painful in the circumstances, and in Mr. Mackonochie's case we must fear of much actual suffering at the last, both men had done their work, and done it nobly, and were taken before an interval of failing power had left time for any one to forget it. And both of them were in their way considerable men who have left their mark for good, without either of them having any pretension to high intellectual gifts. Mr. Mackonochie was a hard worker all his life, and his second class at Oxford represented, not the accidental failure of a man who should have been in the first, but the meritorious energy of one who might hardly have been expected to read for honours at all. It has been said, if we recollect aright, of Mirabeau that he just missed being a great man by not being a good man. But there are some men, and Mr. Mackonochie was conspicuous among them, whose intense goodness, in spite of very moderate abilities, makes them almost great. It is absurd to speak of him, as some of our contemporaries have done, as a leader of the High Church movement, in the same breath with Newman, Pusey, Keble, Neale, and others still engaged in the contest who might be named; and he would himself have been the first to disclaim any such position. It was through no seeking of his own that his name was at one time prominent in religious controversy, but simply because the practical work as a parish priest to which his life was devoted brought him into conflict with the ideals of the Church Association. And to him what was said of a less distinguished member of the same school applies with even greater force, that "he had a strong power of will and a still stronger power of won't." Opinions will of course differ as to whether his conception of duty was always the right one, but at any rate it always represented his conscientious conviction, and from the standard of duty as he understood it nothing would ever induce him to budge an inch.

It may surprise some of Mr. Mackonochie's theological opponents to be told that he was a rigid Anglican, but such is certainly the fact. His estimate of the Catholic claims and prerogatives of the Church of England, and of all that this claim implies in doctrine or ritual, was very different no doubt from theirs, but for Rome *quid* Rome he had no sympathy at all. He showed this for instance by going out of his way to frame and circulate a somewhat violent protest against the Vatican Council. On the other hand his loyalty to Anglican principles was exhibited in the very contest about ritual which provoked a charge of Romanizing from his assailants. The Court of Arches was then presided over by the late Sir Robert Phillimore, and had not yet undergone the changes which many regard as depriving it of its ecclesiastical character. It pronounced a judgment partly sanctioning partly condemning the ritual of St. Alban's. The Vicar at once announced his intention of yielding a frank and loyal submission to its verdict. But when his prosecutors appealed to the Privy Council he resolutely refused in any way to recognize the jurisdiction of what he viewed as an intrusive lay court, either by pleading before it or by paying any regard whatever to its decisions. But in reality these ritual conflicts, which were thrust upon him *ab extra*, were the accidents, not the essence, of Mr. Mackonochie's ministerial life. Whether in his six years' curacy at Wantage, under the present Dean of Lincoln, or when assisting Mr. Bryan King at St. George's-in-the-East—where he won the warm commendation of Bishop Tait, who at that time was

somewhat intolerant of even very moderate ritualism—or in his subsequent post at St. Alban's, earnest preaching, sedulous visitation, and unwearied care for the needs of his flock, whether bodily or spiritual, formed the staple of his life's work. If he could not perform miracles of healing or raise the dead, he never ceased, while health and strength remained to him, to preach the Gospel to the poor both in word and deed. And of his poor parishioners—they were all poor—it may assuredly be said that they heard him gladly. They will long feel that in him they have lost a true friend. Meanwhile his memory will live, not among the great ones of the earth, but among those whose simple piety, ungrudging self-devotion to the service of others, and absolute unselfishness, give to their example an abiding worth.

REVIEWS.

MR. KINGLAKE'S CRIMEA.*

THE completion of Mr. Kinglake's "strange Herculean task," which has occupied him just a quarter of a century, lends itself naturally enough to several rather obvious and hackneyed reflections. But there is much about it which cannot fail, quite apart from such things, to be interesting to those who remember its beginning, and who are yet not too old for it to have been in a manner a kind of companion to their whole life as persons taking an interest in contemporary history. It has not accelerated its progress as the years have gone on; on the contrary, these last two volumes, which do not include anything like the brilliant digressions of the opening or the accounts of the Alma, of Balaklava, and of Inkerman, have been seven good years on their way. But Mr. Kinglake has, on the whole, done quite right not to allow himself to be hurried, and to do his own work in his own manner. We have said that the present and last instalment does not include anything of the same special interest as that of which the earlier ones were full; but it is almost entirely free from Mr. Kinglake's favourite digressions (such as that singular one about the death of a young Russian filibuster in Serbia which introduced the last instalment), and though great part of the second volume is occupied by an index, few pages of the rest will be skipped by those who have a real interest in military history. Mr. Kinglake has here to deal, not, indeed, with the actual close of the siege (for his conception of his task as a Raglanist makes him stop abruptly at the death of his hero), but with the events which occurred between that death and the morrow of Inkerman—the ill-omened, as he thinks it, mission of Marshal, then General, Niel, the substitution of Pélissier for Canrobert, the great bombardments, the attack on the Quarries, the first interrupted and then carried out Kerch expedition, the disastrous 18th of June, and so forth, to which we may add the Vienna negotiations, where Mr. Kinglake shows himself a much juster critic of Austria than most of his predecessors. Moreover, he takes occasion, in his own inimitable style, to make a little Iliad inside the great one by narrating in stirring and picturesque fashion the episode of the "advanced No. VII. Battery" in the April bombardment under Captain Oldershaw, who for five hours fought four guns against a whole amphitheatre of Russian fire, silenced the "Crow's Nest," had forty-four out of forty-seven gunners actually engaged killed and wounded, very Britishly exhorted his dying sergeant (who begged him to blow out his brains) to "die properly," and, on due orders from a superior officer, retired with his three survivors, after saluting the enemy with a volley from the three pieces, dismounted and unworkable, but still capable of being fired, which remained to him at the end of his day's work. There are in this set-piece, as in all Mr. Kinglake's set-pieces, a few things which may make the reader smile; but the whole of it, like the whole of his book, breathes that high and fiery spirit of patriotism at which it is the fashion nowadays to sneer, and which is the very salt of a nation's life and a historian's genius.

In the same way Mr. Kinglake would not be Mr. Kinglake if his opinions on the questions which he debates (and debates at very great length) commended themselves without reserve to all, or even to the few, who are disposed to take reasonably knowledgeable and yet reasonably impartial views of his subjects. He is not too hard on Niel; and he nowhere mentions, so far as we have noted, what he must have very well known, that that rather Nelsonic personage, after making Canrobert's life a burden to him in the Crimea, went so far in the Italian war as to cast a formal stigma on the same superior officer—a stigma which, on Canrobert's indignant and well-founded protest, had to be as formally withdrawn. But he distinctly exaggerates, in the well-known Kinglakeian manner, the interferences of Napoleon III. and the machinations of Niel. He puts, indeed, in the clearest light before the reader (for Mr. Kinglake, whatever other of Macaulay's weaknesses he may share, never emulates that great writer, but most dishonest historian, in distorting or falsifying facts so as to catch the ignorant, while providing himself with a plausible excuse to the knowing) that Niel, who was not thought the inferior in strategy of any French soldier in his day, believed honestly and intensely that nothing short of investment, with its contingent fighting in the open, would do. But, admitting this, he gives to the Emperor's passion for

emulating his uncle, to his irresolution, and to his meddlesomeness a part which is perhaps too great. His language towards the other Emperor, Nicholas, is not ungenerous, but it is certainly unjust, and it is impossible not to think that, partly perhaps from generosity, partly from deliberate hero-worship, he slurs over, or rather never gives, the real cause of the disasters and delays of the siege of Sebastopol. That cause was that on neither side of the allied camp was there a great or even a tolerable general. Marshal Canrobert is still alive, but his exceptional loyalty as a soldier, together with his great merit as a divisional leader, cannot induce any competent student of military history to call him a great general. Pélissier had more dash and resolution, but perhaps even less strategic faculty. As for Lord Raglan, he was a very mirror of chivalry, and manifested a command of temper, never losing sight of dignity in the most difficult situations, which many a blundering mirror of chivalry could not possibly have attained unto. But it is absolutely impossible to allow that he was a great general, or even a general of average ability. To confine ourselves to the operations mentioned in these volumes only, it is impossible to avoid something like gnashing of teeth in reading the account of the assaults on the Redan, where the lives of the best troops and the best officers in the world were sacrificed without even a possibility of success by the ludicrous parsimony of men in the first instance, and the neglect or refusal (only to be paralleled since in the case of the supports at Majuba) to afford help when some measure of success had in the most wildly improbable fashion been obtained by unheard-of efforts. It is no excuse that the forces at Lord Raglan's command were cruelly small. Of course they were. But they were not so small that he could not afford more than a handful of men to storm such a position, or that he or his subordinates (it is all one) should be satisfied in returning the reply that "there was no answer" to the demand for reinforcements when the men under Colonel Warren, Lord West, and the present Sir Gerald Graham only wanted support to make at least a bold stroke for victory. Grant that Lord Raglan was too weak to attack at all; that is one thing, and in that case he should not have attacked. But if a great general had been in his place and had attacked at all, he would have "sent in everything," to the last galloper, the last orderly, and the last man in hospital who could stagger to the front, sooner than fail—sooner, still more, than not even push his attack home.

That it is far easier to say what a great general would have done than to be a great general is, of course, a conclusive enough reply as far as it goes, and, except for the momentary pang of regret at the useless sacrifice of life and the needless loss (for it was almost that) of honour, nothing need be said. Even such bitterness dies away under the influence of Mr. Kinglake's affecting finale, where he tells how "under the flag of the Union" (words probably not written without purpose at this moment) the body of his hero sailed away from the shores where, if he had not gained the success of a great general, he had shown himself literally greater than if he had taken the city, by his marvellous self-command and fortitude. Of the book which thus concludes it is certain that no really competent critic will ever speak without high and unusual respect. No doubt it has faults, even great faults. Composed like most of the chief historical works of the last thirty years under the influence and stimulus of the wonderful success of Macaulay, it has many of Macaulay's faults. Like Mr. Freeman, like Mr. Froude, like others, Mr. Kinglake has certainly forgotten both due historical proportion in his allowance of words to time and due architectural principles in his indulgence of digression. His mannerisms, though now familiar, are still irritating—the catchwords "our people," the "baleful mission," "an army in waiting," and others, recurring with a perfectly unnecessary iteration. He still has, like his oddly-matched contemporary M. Renan, a knack of dwelling at enormous length on comparatively trivial circumstances admitting of picturesque treatment which is nearly as annoying as his verbal mannerisms; and there is no possibility of mistaking, infinitely as he is above the class of his imitators, the extent to which he is responsible for the gush, the gabble, the swagger of that very detestable variety of journalist called the Special Correspondent.

Yet when we have made allowances for these things, the merits that remain are very great indeed. In the first place, there is that merit of scrupulous fairness to which we have already referred, and of which no better example can be given than that Mr. Kinglake informs the reader how his idol Todleben made on his other idol Lord Raglan that very criticism as to the undue smallness of the storming parties at the Redan to which we have referred above. We cannot think of any writer who shows so well how perfectly immaterial prejudice is (for no one would call Mr. Kinglake unprejudiced) in an honest historian. Then there is Mr. Kinglake's extraordinary minuteness, and the not less extraordinary efforts which he takes to secure that his minuteness shall be accurate. He seems not merely to have visited carefully all the localities and compared with the most scrupulous attention all the printed accounts, but to have hunted up in one way or another almost every living Crimean officer, and not a few of lower rank, who could give him information. And, although his system of historical composition is not that of a Gibbon or a Thucydides, although single, and sometimes it would seem rather unimportant, objects stand out with a more than Japanese indifference to perspective, the wildest calumny could hardly accuse Mr. Kinglake of not working up his materials—of launching them by sackful at the devoted head of the reader, after the fashion of so many of his craftfellows. Strange, arbitrary, and disproportioned as the

* *The Invasion of the Crimea.* By A. W. Kinglake. Vols. VII. and VIII. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1887.

grouping may appear, it is always a grouping that distinctly carries out the artist's intention, and that has been chosen by him with an intention as distinct. Nor is his style—"Corinthian," as it has been called by precisians, prolix as it certainly is, affected as it may be charged with being by almost penny-a-lining vices here and there—less carefully suited to his own peculiar conception of history.

But, after all, the main merit is what has been already once glanced at, a merit beside which in such a book all others are to us of less account, the merit of a patriotism as convinced as it is intense. Of this remarkable book, from first page to last, it may be said, in the Laureate's words,

And ever upon the topmost height the banner of England blew.

Although he never condescends to hide a blunder or a failure, the ardour of the writer's regard for his country and his country's arms burns steadily throughout, and lightens every page and every line. In Mr. Kinglake the miserable charlatanism of cosmopolitanism which affects to rank every wretched horde, every petty bourg of east or west as a sacred or precious thing in comparison with our own country and our own nation, has no existence. And this would be enough to save him, if he had required saving, if he had not, as he has, given us a work, irregular in some ways, of a composite or even barbaresque order of historic architecture, but singularly original and varied in design, singularly bright and imposing in appearance, and yet built with such an immovable solidity of inquiry into fact that it is hardly possible to conceive its foundations being shaken.

SIX STORIES.*

THE scene of Captain Lyon's "Romance of the Future"—which, by the way, is described as "dedicated, without permission, to Mr. Gladstone"—is Ireland as she is to be; the time is some years hence; the personages are loyal Ulstermen or Home Rulers. The Union has been repealed; the Irish Government have repudiated their enormous liabilities; the English army of occupation has been withdrawn; the G. O. M. (as Captain Lyon calls him, notwithstanding an intention of sarcasm) has an immense majority at Westminster; the Patriot who announced his intention of taking off his coat is throned in Dublin; and between the two the Green Island is reeling down the Avonian slope with horrible rapidity. To John Cassidy, fresh from Australia, and compelled ere he lands in Dublin to pay an immense import duty on everything of English manufacture which he has in his possession, it seems as though things could not possibly be worse. He changes his opinion, however, when he has listened to a debate in College Green. Not only does he behold the Prime Minister enter the House in his shirt-sleeves, and the last English soldier having that day embarked for Holyhead, proceed to put on his coat. He also hears all manner of agrarian outrage discussed as part of the social polity of Ireland; and he discovers that Norah Westropp, the girl he has come home to marry, is being boycotted to such an extent that she will probably have to end by giving her hand to Another, who is simply the author of her persecution and her woe. A friend of his, a certain O'Shaughnessy, gives him, however, an introduction to a certain mysterious Mr. French, and in Mr. French—a gentleman whose language is far from refined, and whose skill as an angler is naught—he presently discovers the only living rival of the dreaded and dreadful Number One. That much done, *Ireland's Dream* at once assumes the shape of a common Nihilist novel. There is as it were a hurricane of plot and counterplot, and Cassidy has no sooner carried off his bride than he is called upon to take measures for the Defence of Belfast and the Invasion of Catholic Ireland. Mr. French, indeed, is not Mr. French at all; he is Terence O'Grady, and the use of dynamite comes natural to him. He is able to fight Number One with that person's own favourite weapons, and to beat him as he deserves. Cassidy's part in the business is quite heroic. He begins by blowing up a bridge and hurling a whole trainful of Number One's best men into perdition; and he goes on from this to kidnap the Prime Minister (whose devotion to the female sex renders him, one regrets to note, almost too easy a prey), and spirit him off to the North, there to be held as hostage for the life of a certain Mrs. O'Kelly—a spirited old lady, who is in prison under sentence of death for having presumed to decline to be boycotted. Mr. French, meanwhile, has not been idle. He vanquishes the raw levies of Number One with horrid slaughter, and he marches instantly on Dublin. The state of the capital is really hideous. The American paymasters of the Land League have taken it into their heads to collect their debt of 5,000,000. sterling in person; they have crossed the Atlantic; having been received with a rapture of welcome, they have proceeded to sack the city. This process—carried out with "the

usual trimming"—is described by Captain Lyon with considerable unctiousness; and one is almost sorry when the arrival of Terence O'Grady compels him to hold his hand and sing of greater deeds. Terence, for all his agility, is a trifle late, it should be noted; a British force is already on the spot, and for some little time there is every prospect of a row between the armies of relief. The British officers behave like maniacs; the noble Terence declines to bate an ace of his pretensions; and bloodshed is only averted by the sudden return to reason of the British commander-in-chief. Then the armies fraternize; the American desperadoes, compelled to embark for home and native beauty, are utterly destroyed in the attempt; the Prime Minister is persuaded to marry his mistress; O'Grady enters the holy state likewise; Number One—who turns out to have been old Mrs. Kelly's first love, and who, having a little spare time on his hands, has amused himself by murdering that excellent woman in prison—is captured, has his head put into a sack, is tried, lectured, and executed in double-quick time. What becomes of the Prime Minister and the Old Parliamentary Hand (or G. O. M.) is not revealed; but as Ireland, we are told, having joined the Union once more, and had a taste of peace and quietness, has again begun to be agitated and unruly, it would seem that in Captain Lyon's sight they are immortal and indestructible, and the Conquest of Ireland is, like a penny novel, to be continued in our next. Absurd as is the book in which its history is told so far, it is yet, in an odd kind of way, quite readable. Captain Lyon knows both Ireland and the Irish, and the prophecy with which his patriotism has inspired him is by no means dull.

The position stated in *One that Wins* may be told in three sentences. Launcelot Sumner, a very literary painter, loves the magnificent Enone Emmett, a very literary painter likewise. But Enone, for reasons best known to herself, refuses to accept his love, whereupon he transfers it without a murmur to Nelly Erskine, a daughter of the Philistines. After certain preliminaries the pair are made one; and Enone, who wants to kill Nelly, lest she strangle her husband's genius, as your Philistine woman always does, abandons her fell purpose, and swears an eternal friendship with her intended victim. Which of these three is the one that wins is not less difficult to decide than what it is that is actually won. One theory is, that it is Nelly, who wins a husband, and therewith a chance of leading an intellectual life, and of developing a capacity for art; another, that it is Enone herself, whose soul (so we are given to understand) is a battle-ground for contending angels and demons, and who, relieved to find that Nelly is not a mere Philistine, allows the angels to gain the final victory; yet a third, that the winner is Launcelot, who marries a charming girl, and is able to renew the acquaintance and regain the companionship of a fair and cultured woman whom he has loved to distraction, and who remains impossibly in love with him. The problem, after all, is scarce worth solving; for *One that Wins*, though it has considerable merit of a kind, is, on the whole, a failure. The author has plenty of cleverness and a certain smack of originality. His dialogue, if a thought elaborate, is always bright and thoughtful, and is sometimes very effective; he has a pleasant knack of description, and by the unobtrusive neatness of his style he is seen revealed for an apt and careful student of the American manner—the manner of Mr. Henry James. His great fault is that he is something of a faddist, and something withal of a common "Person of Culture." He has an eye for character; but he cannot help vitiating his creations with an admixture of himself. Thus, he seems to passionately resent the benumbing and chilling influence which the Philistine wife is supposed to exercise upon the Intellectual Husband; and he falsifies his Nellie Erskine—who is very pretty, quite heroic, and brilliantly clever—by making her begin to doubt during her honeymoon with Launcelot Sumner, when the two have nothing to do but make love and paint pictures and talk art, if ever she shall be able to keep his love, or rise to anything like his level. Nellie, it should be added, is the real success of his book; he has gone near in her to realizing a human being; she is so natural and winning that even this magnanimous falsehood does not altogether ruin our faith in her. It is otherguess work with Enone. She is an artist, and she talks about pictures like a transcendental critic; she is a woman—young, beautiful, passionate—and she talks about love and life like the common fool of sentimental culture. Never for an instant does she succeed in getting herself mistaken for human and real. Fortunately, there is not so much of her as in the beginning we are made to dread there will be, and we are able to console ourselves for her absence with the study of better folk. Nellie's father, for instance, is very good company; and so are his daughter Sylvia, the painter Joe Hazlitt, the sentimental old maid Miss Emmett, and her grim yet whimsical comrade Miss Goblin, though this last is scarce so convincing as she might be either.

Mr. Besant's *Katharine Regina* is even more generous and humane than the generality of his work. Of his plot, which is both ingenious and taking, we shall say no word; and we shall be as chary of the superfluous task of analysing his characters, describing his incidents, and praising his dialogue. It must suffice to say that this new Christmas Annual of his is as wholesome and affecting a romance as ever he has produced, and that there is not one of the thousands of readers into whose hands it will find its way but, if they can read at all in the proper sense of the word, must necessarily be interested and charmed by it in no mean degree. It remains to add that Mr. Besant, like the artist-philanthropist he is, has again been painting reality with a purpose. He believes in Woman, not as the rival, but as the mate, of

* *Ireland's Dream: a Romance of the Future.* By Captain E. D. Lyon. 2 vols. London: Sonnenschein. 1887.

One that Wins. By the Author of "Whom Nature Leadeth." 2 vols. London: Unwin. 1887.

Katharine Regina. By Walter Besant. London: Simpkin & Co. Bristol: Arrowsmith. 1887.

The Sport of Circumstances. By Louis E. Armstrong. London: Sonnenschein. 1887.

Doonan. By Melville Gray. London: Sonnenschein. 1887.

Blood. By W. Delisle Hay. London: Sonnenschein. 1887.

Man; and in *Katharine Regina* he loses no opportunity of arguing and inveighing, with the most convincing eloquence, against the folly and the wickedness of demanding of her any but the work that is her own—the work, that is to say, of love and motherhood. Again, as becomes the author of the *People's Palace*, he has considered with attention the dreadful charitable institutions which, with a sort of savage irony, are called Homes; and he puts up his protest concerning them by sketching one in all its grim and heart-breaking dulness, and by telling the nature of that cataclysm of reform which he would like to overtake them all. These points we may note, and do no hurt to the story; we may hint, too, that Mr. Besant has thrown a new and dreadful light on the difficulties which beset young women in search of decent work; but the rest shall be silence.

Mr. Armstrong has not much story to tell us in *The Sport of Circumstances*, and the little he has is not of absorbing interest. There are two sisters, to begin with; and the elder is called Rhoda, and she is lovely, and cold, and selfish; and the younger is called Kitty, and she is good, and clever, and true-hearted, and pretty enough for any but the most fastidious and unreasonable of men. As is always the way, however, the hero, Geoffrey Oldfield, begins by falling madly in love with the damsel Rhoda, to whom he proposes, and by whom he is accepted; so that poor Kitty's virgin dream is dispelled in the rudest manner conceivable. But Rhoda has another string to her bow in the shape of a promising young drunkard named George Vincent; and, as George Vincent is richer than Geoffrey, and has inklings of total abstinence, it is no great while before the couple are engaged, and Geoffrey is thrown over. How it all ends we do not propose to tell. The interest of the book is not, as we have said, an interest of plot and counterplot; but, for all that, it would scarce be fair to the author to anticipate his effects, such as they are, and frustrate the chief ambition of his *Minerva*, such as it is. He deserves to be read for his characters, which are natural and pleasant, and his dialogue, which is mostly neat, lively, unaffected, and appropriate; and he may as well be read as he would have us read him—with a distinct interest in the march of his story and an animated eye upon the possibilities of his final chapter. About *Doonan* we have no such scruples. It is the history of a young lady who is compelled by her stern and impecunious sire—Sir Charles Blake Kemplay, sometimes called "Sir Kemplay," for short—to trample her young love under foot, and wed an elderly gentleman for gold. Presently her old sweetheart arrives upon the scene, and begins to make love to her. She repulses him with the indignant ardour of all young matrons who are also the heroines of first attempts at fiction (*Doonan* is a first attempt at fiction), and he is obliged to give over his nefarious design. But, unfortunately, his married sister is at the moment staying at Doonan's house. She and Doonan happen one evening to be dressed alike; and Doonan's husband, returning suddenly from a journey, is horrified to behold (as he thinks) his Doonan and this bad young man embracing in an arbour. He treats her that night with marked coldness, and departs next morning on a Continental tour. Of course the couple are reunited in the end; but before this consummation is achieved the reader is moved to ask himself more times than we care to tell, why in the world it is that young people having neither invention nor experience, neither style nor vocation, neither art nor nature, will yet insist on publishing the fact by writing novels?

In sporting parlance *Blood* might be described as by Dr. Jekyll out of *Frankenstein*. The idea is the reverse of hackneyed or uninteresting. Dr. Steggall, the unlucky hero, has peculiar theories of physiology, and a niece, to whom he is devotedly attached. This young lady is perishing of inanition, and the Doctor determines to renew her life by a potent and tremendous experiment in transfusion. He persuades a friend of his, an unpleasant young American, to part with a certain quantity of blood; and, having plunged both subjects into a mesmeric trance, he opens their veins, connects them *secundum artem*, falls into a stupor, and awakes to find his young American a corpse and his niece the picture of health and a very miracle of loveliness. He is a man of energy and resource, and he instantly gets rid of the body by combustion, and proceeds to fall madly in love with his renovated niece. Retribution, immediate and dreadful, falls upon him; he discovers that his Luris (her name is Luris) is to all intents and purposes his unpleasant young American in female form. More than that, she is determined to be avenged on him for his treatment of her when she was not Luris Lyonscourt, but altogether Seth Seamore. Dr. Steggall, in fact, has created a monster, like *Frankenstein*; his creation has a double identity, like its ancestors Jekyll and Edward Hyde; and in the end he has to pay the piper. He is arrested, and sent for trial for the murder of Seth Seamore; he finds that Luris it is who has set pursuit upon his track; he writes from prison for a certain poison, and she brings it to him from a secret store, the existence and the place of which were only known to himself and his departed friend; and so he passes away, leaving all that was left of Seth Seamore to fulfil the destiny of American beauty, and marry an English duke. The last is a touch we could well have spared; but Mr. Hay is as innocent of tact as he is prodigal of invention. There is something radically offensive in the confusion of identities on which he has based his story, and his treatment of it is distinguished neither by good taste nor good style. Both the English and the morality of its prototypes are wanting in *Blood*, and their absence is painfully felt. All the same, it is readable in its way, and to lay it aside before the end is difficult.

ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS.*

MR. FOX BOURNE is the author of several historical and biographical works; but all, or most, of them were published a quarter of a century ago. The apparent suspension of his literary activity is probably explained by his occupation as a journalist, which, as he states in his preface, has extended over twenty years. He was editor of the *Examiner* from 1871 to 1880, and of the *Weekly Dispatch*, owned during the greater part of the time by Mr. Ashton Dilke, from 1876 to 1886. He has not thought it necessary to mention the connexions which he has probably had with newspapers in other capacities; but there can be no doubt that so ready and industrious a writer must have found abundant employment as a journalist. He has devoted much labour to the present history, and he has provided those who are interested in the subject with copious and valuable information. It is scarcely his fault that the history of newspapers during two centuries will appear dry to ordinary readers, or that, in recording many private, and some confidential, transactions, he cannot, with the best intentions, have secured perfect accuracy. The pecuniary concerns of publishers and proprietors, and the relations of editors with owners, writers, and correspondents, are almost as remote from public knowledge as the affairs of manufacturers and merchants. It is true that they may sometimes command more general interest, especially among contemporary members of the same profession, but they are soon forgotten, they can seldom be fully known, and for the most part they are not worth knowing. Mr. Fox Bourne explains his allotment of somewhat more than the average space to the affairs of the papers which he edited on the ground that he has had fuller and more precise knowledge of these papers than of others with which he was only acquainted at second-hand. Both the *Weekly Dispatch* and the *Examiner* were conducted by Mr. Bourne on extreme Radical principles, which he seems always to have consistently held. He was not even satisfied with the Representation of the People Bill, for the strange reason that it "gave an inordinate amount of power to the classes." He also seems to have supported the representation "of minorities that might be scarcely less than half the whole, thus leaving vast numbers of capable citizens, in the aggregate of the constituencies, without any spokesman in Parliament." The so-called classes must always be the principal sufferers by the monopoly of electoral power which is conferred on the numerical majority. If their advocates were in the habit of using such phrases as "capable citizens," they might justly contend that the upper and middle classes are more capable than the multitude of forming sound political judgments. It appears that Mr. Bourne was, during his career as editor, not a servile follower of Mr. Gladstone. He objected, like some other Radicals, to his foreign policy, and when the Home Rule apostasy was suddenly disclosed the *Weekly Dispatch* declined to accept the dictation of even the most virtuous of demagogues. No journalist could more honourably assert his independence; but "the utterance of such sentiments, Ashton Dilke being dead, was not thought helpful to the Gladstonian scheme for dealing with Irish or other affairs, and a new editor was found for the *Weekly Dispatch* in January 1887." The sacrifice which was conscientiously incurred is an example of one among the many difficulties of journalism. The editor and his staff are always at the mercy of the proprietor, who may perhaps regard the journal which he controls only as a commercial speculation. Mr. Fox Bourne is not the only editor who has been dismissed because he hesitated to follow with sufficient versatility Mr. Gladstone's latest evolution.

The influence of newspapers on public affairs is for evil and for good much more important than the private interest of their conductors. Mr. Bourne, though he criticizes some journalists with just severity, always takes it for granted that the removal of restrictions, and the increase of circulation which has resulted from many causes, have been an almost unmixed benefit to the community. In a long narrative of the struggles of the press in the last century he invariably sympathizes with the bitterest enemies of the Government, with Wilkes, with the Woodfalls, and with Junius. He is apparently convinced that political libels ought to be tolerated or encouraged; and there is no doubt that at the present day they have attained almost absolute immunity. To him Leigh Hunt's conviction for a libel on the Prince Regent presents itself as a simple martyrdom, yet the article was a scandalous outrage on public decency. The Regent was described, not perhaps untruly, but in defiance of law and of propriety, as "a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of gamblers and demi-reps, a man who has just closed half a century without one single claim to the gratitude of his country or the respect of posterity." Such language might possibly be tolerated in the present day, but seventy years ago it was condemned, not only by law, but by public opinion. It may well have been thought dangerous to allow such attacks to be directed against the highest personage in the kingdom. It is unnecessary to inquire whether the license which is now permitted is preferable to the control which was then exercised, though the punishment was, after the fashion of the age, unreasonably severe. The Hunts had, as Mr. Bourne states, boasted that previous conflicts with the Government had increased the circulation and influence of their paper. If the advisers of the Crown had declined their audacious challenge, there can be no doubt that libellous journalism would

* *English Newspapers: Chapters in the History of Journalism.* By H. R. Fox Bourne. London: Chatto & Windus. 1887.

have been greatly encouraged. To the present generation personal attacks on the reigning Sovereign have, until lately, been unfamiliar. As long as the monarchy exists, the wearer of the Crown ought to be protected, not only against calumny, but against disrespectful comment. It was much better for the public interest that the faults of George IV. should escape the censure which they deserved than that the State should be exposed to the mischief of sedition and the ultimate risk of revolution. The papers which have now for some time past courted popularity by disrespectful treatment of the Queen and her family are among the most degraded organs of the press, and they have received none of the provocation which partially excused the libellers of the Regency. That a danger and a discredit to the country should have been prevented or postponed for three-quarters of a century is not a subject of patriotic regret. It has not yet been ascertained whether a newspaper press such as that which now exists in England and in France is compatible with sound and permanent institutions. The papers which are read by the upper and middle classes are not the same which occupy themselves in flattering the prejudices and stimulating the evil passions of the multitude. Mr. Fox Bourne is evidently a sincere adversary of violence and disorder; but he sometimes speaks of the license taken by less scrupulous journalists with a tolerance which he withholds from the alarmists who, in former times, strove to restrain the excesses which they foresaw. It would seem that he mildly disapproves of a popular weekly paper which, according to his account, was originally started as

a four-page record of social and political scandals, set forth in such detail as must prejudice aristocratic institutions with many readers and amuse all. . . . Since the rise of English Socialism it has been more in sympathy with the Social Democratic Federation than with any less revolutionary movement . . . supporting its arguments and propounding those arguments in forcibly written articles, in which rhetoric is oftener employed than logic and economical laws are made subservient to sentiment . . . is a formidable spokesman for the most irreconcilable portions of the community.

The habitual and deliberate propagation of hatred of other classes, the denunciation of the Crown and the chief institutions of the State, the organization of a standing conspiracy against property are the worst of crimes, if they are not results both of serious study and of genuine conviction; and, in any case, they create public dangers far graver than those which in earlier days aroused the solicitude of statesmen. The preference of rhetoric to logic and of sentiment to economical laws are euphemisms to describe wilful sophistry alternating with presumptuous ignorance. It is true that, as Mr. Fox Bourne and other enthusiasts for the freedom of the press are in the habit of boasting, newspapers have taken a principal part in the political education of the people; but their conductors exercise a formidable and irresponsible power, and in many cases, as far as it is possible to judge, their motives are such as a desire "to prejudice aristocratic institutions and to amuse all." It would appear from instances furnished by Mr. Bourne that within the last few years at least three London editors have been dismissed by proprietors because they hesitated to keep pace with the revolutionary movement which was supposed to promote the circulation of their papers. Probably an editor, who is in almost all cases a man of letters, is sometimes restrained by his intellectual conscience, or, in simpler phrase, by his self-respect. The speculator who has no need to write or to think has the opportunity of devoting his exclusive attention to his pecuniary interests. When he has "made a corner" in anarchy, or perhaps in Home Rule, he resents the derangement of his calculations by a too independent agent.

Mr. Fox Bourne has probably consulted the tastes of many readers by his copious treatment of the antiquarian history of newspapers. Full details are given of the authorship and publication of the *Mercurius Politicus* and the other *Mercuries* which exhibited before and during the Commonwealth the rudimentary organs which were gradually developed into the characteristic attributes of newspapers. The account of the maturer stages of journalism will be valuable to sympathetic inquirers, though others may perhaps find them occasionally tedious and dry. The author has unavoidably introduced some portions of general history into his proper narrative. As might be expected, he has accepted without inquiry, or at least without dissent, the popular Liberal judgment of the history of the eighteenth century. The founders of the Indian Empire are only mentioned as having "initiated responsibilities of which the burden still weighs upon us." The Radical intellect has not yet comprehended the greatness of a beneficent enterprise which is one of the most wonderful in history. It is not surprising that Pitt is dismissed with the remark that he was the shrewdest, though not the wisest, statesman of his day. His youthful devotion to the cause of Parliamentary reform might have won him more generous treatment from the admirers of popular representation. It seems that Pitt "tried first to quell the discontent by scheming for Parliamentary reform." A statesman who was afterwards a Tory cannot be allowed the credit of sincerity even when he occasionally conformed to the Liberal standards. When Pitt "schemed for Parliamentary reform" by passing his Reform Bill there was no special or extraordinary discontent to quell. The same Minister is taunted with his project of Free-trade with Ireland and with France in the statement that "he tidied over present difficulties by wonderful schemes of financial reform." The wisest, the most upright, and the earliest promoter of sound economic legislation is not treated seriously by the writers whose prejudices Mr. Fox

Bourne has borrowed until he "commences to finish his career by plunging the country into the most iniquitous, the most stupendous, and the most injurious of all the foreign wars that has ever been engaged in." It would be interesting to learn whether Mr. Fox Bourne has ever heard of the immediate causes of the war which he truly describes as stupendous. If Mr. Pitt "commenced to finish" his career by an unwilling rapture with France, he finished its end by organizing in a few months the great European alliance which compelled Napoleon to fight for his Empire and his existence, and which, concluding with the victory of Trafalgar, finally relieved England from the imminent danger of invasion.

The personal accounts of well-known journalists necessarily become more interesting as they approach the confines of living memory and of recent tradition. Mr. Percy and Mr. Black of the *Morning Chronicle*, and the first and second Mr. Walter of the *Times*, have often been described by those who knew them. Mr. Stuart of the *Morning Post* is now chiefly remembered by his association with Coleridge. Although it might have been supposed that the poet and philosopher would be the most incapable of journalists, Coleridge's assistance was highly appreciated by his sagacious employer. It was in the columns of the *Morning Post* that he published the famous libel on Pitt which bears the name of *Fire, Famine, and Slaughter*. It is, perhaps, best remembered by the vigorous refrain of "The same, the same—Letters four do form his name." The concluding anathema derives some of its unction from the harmless benevolence of Coleridge's character. Except in the fervour of composition, he would not have hurt a fly, and much less a Minister from whom he differed. Coleridge afterwards persuaded himself that Stuart had offered him 2,000*l.* a year if he would have accepted a permanent appointment on his staff. It is more likely that the most careless of men of genius should have been mistaken than that a man of business, who afterwards made a considerable fortune as a newspaper proprietor, should have indulged in such extravagant liberality. In coming down to the history of the present generation and to the events of yesterday, Mr. Fox Bourne treads on ashes which still insufficiently conceal the fires beneath. His minute details have, no doubt, been collected with the utmost care, but it is impossible that they should not be interspersed with mistakes. In one instance, at least, which need not be quoted here, he is but partially accurate; but it may be truly said that there is no great harm in perplexing or misleading persons who delight in gossip about their neighbour's affairs. One odd peculiarity somewhat diminishes the pleasure of reading Mr. Fox Bourne's lists of writers in various papers. He insists in almost all cases in giving the Christian as well as the surname of every person whom he mentions. There is something gained in accuracy by speaking of "John Edward A." or "Reginald William B.," but the practice jars upon the cultivated ear. There is no reason against Mr. Fox Bourne's system of nomenclature, except that it is not in accordance with the conventional idiom of society. Strangers are generally designated by their surnames, with or without the ordinary prefix. The notice of a small fault, if it is a fault, may properly be followed by cordial recognition of a great and uncommon merit. Mr. Fox Bourne has added to the value of a highly instructive book by the provision of an unusually full and accurate index. His short preface gives an account of the scanty bibliography of newspaper history. It is improbable that his own careful and elaborate work will be soon superseded.

THE DRAMA IN FRANCE.*

THE fifth volume of M. Vitu's excellent reprint is at least the equal of its predecessors. The style is as vigorous and as varied as ever; while the morality is as sound, the insight as direct and keen, the grasp of fact and theory as complete. There is, perhaps, a certain falling off in the quality of the raw material of the book; but our author is such an artist in treatment that one is not aware of it as one reads—one only suspects it after one has read. Good plays make good critics, no doubt, as good parts are said to make good actors.

Sometimes (it must be owned) M. Vitu's downright good sense is a little difficult to endure. "L'ouvrage de Sheridan," says he of the *School for Scandal*, "fort spirituel et fort bien conduit, mais dont l'envergure ne dépasse pas les régions de ce qu'on appelle chez nous le théâtre de second ordre, est fort bien joué," by it matters not whom. On the other hand, M. Vitu's enthusiasm for Shakspeare is refreshing to witness. "Quelle noble jouissance," he cries, of *Macbeth*, "pour ceux qui ont le bonheur de suivre vers par vers, mot par mot, la prodigieuse conception de Shakspeare et les développements de cette pensée profonde, penchée sur la nature humaine comme sur un gouffre insondable, et qui donne le vertige avec la sensation de l'infini!" The metaphor is perhaps a trifle romantique, but the description could hardly be bettered. M. Vitu, it is worth noting, considers that of the four great Shakspearian tragedies which are known in France—*Hamlet*, that is to say, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, and *Macbeth*—the last is probably the one "qui parle le plus aux yeux et dont l'action s'explique le mieux sans le secours de la parole." The fact is as he states it. The logical conclusion would be that *Macbeth*, being the most pictorial and the most easily followed, is also the most popular of the four; whereas, for some reason or other, its

* *Les Mille et Une Nuits de Théâtre*. Par Auguste Vitu. Cinquième Série. London: Hachette. Paris: Ollendorff. 1887.

effect upon the public has never been comparable, in England at least, with that of either *Othello* or *Hamlet*. M. Vitu's description of this latter masterpiece is too long to quote; we shall content ourselves with noting that the play appears to him, "avec et même avant *Macbeth*, la plus étonnante et la plus complète des œuvres philosophiques" of its author. A more curious detail is, that for Signor Salvini's performance of Shakspeare's heroes he entertains the profoundest admiration, as he does, for that matter, of everything he saw the Milanese tragedian do. As he pictures it, indeed, the Théâtre-Italien, when the curtain fell upon *La Morte Civile* (for instance), must have been a sight to see. So far as we have noted, he differs only once on a point of interpretation with Signor Salvini. That point is the fearful plaintiveness of spirit in which the Milanese *Othello* approaches the murder of Desdemona. If *Othello*, he argues, weeps before the murder, as he will have to weep when he is made to recognize the innocence of his victim, the result must be that he will weep a great deal too much. That is bad art. Again, "la sensiblerie n'est vraiment pas le fait de ce lion rugissant." *Othello* is an African savage; he loves, he suspects, he kills; "s'il était capable de s'attendrir, il ferait grâce." M. Vitu, it is evident, knows all about his *Othello*, and one can only regret that Signor Salvini was not persuaded to take his advice.

Among the French plays of which M. Vitu treats in the present volume, one of the most important is *Le Joueur*. Concerning this admirable comedy, he expresses himself with really startling independence. The subject, he says, is worthy of Molière; "mais je me demande"—he adds with equal truth and daring—"si le grand et rude Poquelin l'aurait décrit avec ce relief surprenant, avec cette liberté qui obtient de la langue française des couleurs et des scintillements nouveaux, sans jamais en altérer la pureté, sans en contraindre la grâce prime-sautière." Molière, he thinks, is the nearer Plautus; Regnard the nearer Terence. But Regnard is still better than that. Read, says M. Vitu, the tirade of the Marquis. "Eh bien, Marquis, tu vois," &c., and "vous sentirez comme moi que Regnard joignait à l'élégance latine quelque chose du sourire divin de la Muse grecque. . . . Le comique de cette versification exquise éclate comme un large sourire sur des dents blanches et ne grimace jamais." In what is pre-eminently an age of Moliérism (if the word be permissible), such enthusiasm is delightful. Another writer to whom M. Vitu does full justice is Marivaux; a third is the poet of *Le Bossu*; a fourth the Vigny of *Chatterton*—"l'un des plus parfaits modèles de la prose littéraire"; a fifth the Bouchardy of *Lazare le Père*, of which work he remarks, with not less energy than truth, "Entre les solives grossièrement équerries, on rencontre ça et là quelques sentiments humains, comme des nids d'oiseaux dans les combles d'une cathédrale." Justice of another kind is done on the *Fernande* of M. Victorien Sardou, and the mistaken and pretentious *Jean d'Acier* of M. Charles Lomon. With M. Vitu's verdict on *Le Chandelier* there are many who will disagree; it is, however, impossible to dispute that, from his particular point of view, its severity is only reasonable. His analysis of the Mathis of M. Paulin-Ménier (in *Le Juif Polonais*) will be read with peculiar interest. It shows that, according to his author's, M. Coquelin's conception was perfectly correct; and it enforces the conclusion that that admirable instinct of the picturesque, which is one of the distinguishing marks of Mr. Irving's rare and personal talent, never stood him in better stead than when it led him to put MM. Erckmann-Chatrin behind him, and make his Matthias a man romantic, interesting, "fey"—a man of many virtues and one crime, with a past of struggle and remorse, and a future the last word of which is expiation.

APPLETON'S CYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.*

AN American Biographical Dictionary, as it is understood by Messrs. Appleton's editors, is what the Spaniards would call a work of the Romans—a very big undertaking, indeed. They use the word in the widest sense, not only as applicable to everybody born in America of any race, but to all men and women who have ever been in any way connected with any part of the continent. It is obvious that by making their net so large as this they can include no inconsiderable part of the human race. There are the Americans themselves, Indians, and men of all the European races. Then there are the colonial governors—English, French, Spanish, Dutch, Portuguese—historians, travellers, naval and military officers. The editors have been so conscientious that they have even included naval officers like Captain Barclay, who was defeated by Commodore Perry on the Lakes, and whose connexion with America was confined to this unpleasant experience. The *National Dictionary of Biography* might as well include Captain Lawrence of the *Cheapeake*, or Don Juan de Langara. It would be patriotic, but hardly business.

A dictionary of this kind might, no doubt, be exceedingly useful. It would be an excellent thing to have at hand a solid book of reference, in which one could find a sufficient account of any one who had ever been connected with America, from Gunnbjörn and Eric the Red downwards. A reasonable man would not grumble if the editors had annexed a notable person here and there on

slender grounds. But might be and will be are from different moods, and we cannot use the indicative about Messrs. Appleton's *Cyclopedia*. It falls very far short of what a book of reference ought to be. In the first place, the editors have tried to put too much into the space at their disposal. The two volumes go down to "Grimshaw, William"—that is to say, given the usual proportion of names to letters, about half through the alphabet. Each volume is equivalent, on a very liberal computation, to about two of the *National Dictionary of Biography*. The whole work when complete will amount to perhaps ten volumes of the English Dictionary. As the editors include living notabilities, and do not seem to have been able to reject the name of any American doctor who ever got a good practice and published a medical treatise, or to pass over any politician who ever sat in a Legislative Chamber in any of the States, it is obvious that not ten, but a hundred, volumes would be needed to carry out their scheme properly. As it is, space is obtained by cutting down the notices of men who deserve notice in order to make room for local nonentities who need not be mentioned. A dictionary of biography must no doubt mention many forgotten or almost forgotten names—it exists for that very purpose—but there must be a reason for the notice. A man is not to be named merely because he belonged to this or the other public body; but what other excuse can be given for such a notice as this, which we quote entire as a fair example of much of the book?—

BOGARDUS, ROBERT, lawyer, b. in 1771; d. in New York City, 12th Sept., 1841. He practised law in New York for nearly fifty years. In the war of 1812 he was, from July 1813 till June 1815, colonel of infantry. He was also a member of the New York State Senate.

The editors have adopted a way of dealing with the authorities for the statements made in this work which deprives the *Cyclopedia* of four-fifths of the value it might have as a book of reference. They have decided that it is not necessary to cite authorities except when dealing with a famous man—as if those were not the very cases in which the information is the least needed. Nobody need be puzzled where to look for an account of Benjamin Franklin or Francis Drake. The difficulty comes when one wants to find out something about an obscure man. A dictionary of biography to be of any real use to the student should give him the means of getting at the evidence in every case. We pity the earnest inquirer who uses this *Cyclopedia*, and as we are prepared to act up to our principles and give our evidence, we shall quote another notice of just the sort of man whom the inquirer finds it so difficult to get at:—

ESQUEMELING, JOHN, buccaneer. He wrote in Dutch an account of the buccaners of America, which was translated into English (London, 1684). Sir Henry Morgan obtained a verdict of *zool.* against the publisher for libel.

Of what avail is this sort of thing to any man? except, perhaps, to the most general of general readers, who would not care to go behind the *Cyclopedia*. It may be, of course, that Messrs. Appleton's stout volumes are meant for him only. If so, they may serve their purpose, and may pass with a slight expression of wonder on the critic's part that any human being should be content with such bald reporting about men he takes interest enough in, to wish to know anything about them at all. Perhaps it is for the behoof of this same general reader that the editors try to give guides to the pronunciation of proper names, which are as deceptive as such *guides-ânes* usually are. Whatever may be the case in Mexico, it is the fact that "A-row'-tho" is not the way to pronounce Erauzo in Old Spain. To be sure, these leaders of the doubter are rarely of any value. The space given to different names is divided in what appears at times a very unintelligible system. Why, for instance, should Cataline de Erauzo or Erazo have four columns, while Lope de Aguirre has only a few lines, and Daniel Boone, a patriarch and father of peoples in his way, has only a short notice? But this is, to be sure, the badge of all the tribe of biographical dictionaries. Another, but more explicable, disproportion is to be noted between the English and the French or Spanish names. D'Estaing, for instance, and even the Spaniard, Churruca, have more room given them than Admiral Byron. Of omissions we have not noted many, though Anson is missing, and no reference to Gomara is to be found. Yet the Commodore had as good right to be there as Admiral Byron; and the Spaniard as good a right as his countryman, Cieza de Leon, who is mentioned in a bald, scrappy way. The style of the articles is plain and businesslike, and the volumes are copiously illustrated with neat little cuts.

SCRUTTON'S COMMONS AND COMMON FIELDS.*

MR. SCRUTTON has written on several legal topics having so little to do with one another that a critic may be naturally tempted to doubt whether he can have written well on all of them. So far as we are aware, however, his work has never failed to stand criticism; and certainly the present volume will dispel any grave doubt as to the writer's conscientiousness and competence long before the reader is half through it. There may be roughnesses and blemishes of detail about Mr. Scrutton's work, and there may be faults of conception as well as of execution.

* *Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography*. Edited by James Grant Wilson and John Fiske. Vols. I. & II. New York: Appleton & Co. 1887.

* *Commons and Common Fields; or, the History and Policy of the Laws relating to Commons and Enclosures in England*. By Thomas Edward Scrutton. Cambridge: University Press. 1887.

But whatever faults may be found are distinctly not the faults of commonplace or book-making authorship. They are rather the opposite. Where Mr. Scrutton errs, it is by eagerness rather than by indolence; and the page of "addenda and errata" in this volume shows a good quality which would redeem worse errors than any committed in the text—that of willingness to accept corrections. We may as well make our own contribution, as regards the smaller matters, at once. On pp. 93 and 94 Mr. Scrutton quotes the sixteenth-century statutes for the encouragement of planting and preservation of woods without mentioning their subsequent repeal; and in his last chapter he forgets that the Inclosure Commissioners no longer exist under that name. Slips of this kind are in themselves ambiguous. In a certain kind of context, and multiplied beyond a certain measure, they may be evidence of bad work. On the other hand, the writer who wholly escapes them must be (in person or by his clerk) a miracle of accuracy. In Mr. Scrutton's case we can vouch for the general merits being such as to deserve the most favourable construction of peccadilloes.

In the present book there are two substantially distinct parts. The first relates to the early history of rights of common as connected with the system of manorial tenure; the second, which to most readers will probably be easier and more interesting, to the modern growth of inclosures from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, the flourishing period of the inclosing policy in the early part of this century, and the reaction against it, begun within the memory of the present generation, which has led to its reversal. Mr. Scrutton has had to deal, in the earlier chapters, with difficult and vexed questions of mixed law and history. He has not underrated the difficulty; the following paragraph in his preface is very just, and we hope that its practical recommendation may be acted on by those whom it concerns:—

The question of the origin of Manors and Manorial Courts, and the early relations of the lord to his tenants, are still far from settled. Now that copyhold tenures are rapidly dying out, when Manorial Courts have become almost obsolete, and in most cases the lord of the manor no longer derives more than a nominal profit therefrom, it is much to be desired that each lord of a manor would regard it as a duty of his position to provide for at any rate the safety, if not for the publicity, of his Court-rolls. Large as is the mass of materials now made public, it is only by a careful and minute examination of the history of each manor, and comparison of contemporaneous rolls, that any conclusions of value as to the early history of the English Village Community can be reached. Such publications as the *Domesday of St. Paul's*, edited by Archdeacon Hale, or the *Customs of Battle Abbey*, just edited by Mr. Scargill Bird for the Camden Society, are worth, in the light they throw on early English history, whole libraries of imaginative descriptions of the Mark in England, based on institutions alleged to exist in some other country and at some other time.

Few people know how many interesting documents are still in private hands and in comparatively unknown places. There are county gentlemen whose ancestors have dwelt for centuries on the same spot, above the accidents of low estate and untouched by the perils of greatness, ambitious of nothing but preserving their family and their muniments; an innocent and a laudable ambition, deserving to be blest in the gratitude of scholars.

As to the origin of rights of common Mr. Scrutton endeavours to mediate between the theory of the ordinary law-books, or rather the historical modification of it proposed by Mr. Seeböhm, and the popular or Germanic theory which has been a good while current in the books of history, and has now begun to spread into law-books, just when among the historians there are signs of reaction against the Germanic theory of "free village communities." In France M. Fustel de Coulanges has delivered a series of brilliant attacks upon it, rather too brilliant, in our opinion, to leave much result of solid conviction. Mr. Seeböhm practically denies that there was ever a free village community among the English on this side of the North Sea, and he seems inclined to deny that there was ever one at all. And we rather expect that for some years to come this will be generally adopted by ambitious young writers as the winning side. In some ways the reaction was needed, and can hardly fail to do good. There has been too much premature dogmatizing among teachers and writers, leading to a belief among a considerable though not very large number of students and readers that we know all about a "mark system" which flourished in England before the Norman Conquest. It has already been pointed out in this journal that there is no real English authority for the use of the word "mark" as the name of a village community or of its land. We do know from the laws of Edgar that in the third quarter of the tenth century "township" was the name of some sort of community, which is presumably represented by the township or vill of post-Norman times; a unit, be it observed, by no means universally, nor even generally, coincident with the manor. But how the affairs of the township were managed is matter of conjecture. There is no direct evidence whether its normal state was to have a court of its own, or, if so, what kind of court; whether it had a lord or not, or, if so, how far he was bound by custom. And if there is any point on which all students are agreed, it is that the constitution and proceedings of the township, whatever they may have been, were not recorded in writing. There is therefore no reason to expect any direct evidence, and the absence of it proves nothing, and can raise at most but slight presumption, for or against any theory that is in itself plausible.

Mr. Scrutton does not commit himself as to the ultimate or remote origin, and the real historical meaning, of the "base tenures" represented by modern copyholds. He does enounce two definite propositions as to freehold tenures—namely, that the freeholders of manors are the successors in title of persons who did, not only in law but in fact, come in by express grant from the

lord; and that the distinction in law and in terminology between "common appendant" and "common appurtenant" is unsupported by the earlier mediæval authorities. We could not discuss Mr. Scrutton's points adequately without going into technicalities for which the reader would not thank us. But they certainly deserve consideration. For one thing, we feel pretty sure that almost all writers on these matters have tried to make out the early mediæval system more definite than it really was. There is no reason to believe that the Anglo-Norman surveyors, to whom we owe *Domesday Book*, had any defined legal doctrine at all. Their masters cared very much about knowing what revenue and services were due to the king, and from whom; there is nothing to show that either masters or servants troubled themselves about theories of legal origins. Only in the thirteenth century do we begin to get conscious legal construction of a system. Before that stage the questions to be dealt with are of almost pure history. Two of them, which we regard as fundamental, may be thus stated, with the explanation that we practically count *Domesday* as a twelfth-century document. What was the origin and antiquity of private jurisdictions? What class of ante-Norman dwellers in England, if any, is represented by the persons described as *libere tenentes* in the twelfth century? The first of these questions is outside Mr. Scrutton's subject. The second is rather touched than dwelt upon by him, but he seems to be working in the right direction. It is fairly clear that the England of Teutonic peasant-proprietors which some authors have imagined is but a fond thing. The *libere tenens* of our documents must have been on the average much more like a squire than a yeoman. On the other hand, it is certain that the term *villanus* covered many varieties of tenure, both local and personal, and that the better sort of *villanus* was far from being a mere serf. Not much more needs to be done, we think, in the way of collecting facts. One customal is very like another. Even the French *Polyptyque de St. Germain*, still but little known to English scholars, has a strong family likeness to our manorial inquests, notwithstanding the difference of terminology, and notwithstanding that it is about two centuries earlier than any English authority going so much into details. Now many ingenious and learned persons have minutely considered the evidence for this and that purpose, one with a view to land measures, another with a view to the history of agriculture, and so forth. But it is all work in detached parts of the field. Even Kemble stops at the Conquest, and thereby cuts himself off from much which must be taken into account even if we cared only for things earlier than the Conquest. A single and comprehensive view still remains to be taken; meanwhile all such work as Mr. Scrutton's is acceptable as preparing the way for it. In a broad way Mr. Scrutton can justify Blackstone well enough so far as freeholders are concerned. Every one who was considerable enough to be a freeholder was expected to acknowledge a lord of whom he held, either the king or some one who himself held under the king. When those who have the strong hand make the law, they are apt not to lose more time than they can help in making the facts correspond to it. Thus we can hardly doubt that soon after the Norman Conquest all, or nearly all, freeholders made out, *de facto* as well as *de jure*, a title leading by one or more regular steps up to the king as ultimate overlord. And this for the best of reasons, that on no other terms could they continue to hold their lands. But this does not settle the previous historical and social question.

The modern part of Mr. Scrutton's book will be found interesting, and by readers of antiquarian taste even amusing. He makes use of non-legal sources—books of husbandry and surveying, local histories, agricultural reports, and the like—to an extent which is highly creditable, and until quite lately was thought below the austere dignity of the legal profession. The practical conclusion is that the policy of preserving open spaces ought to be still further developed by amendments of the law. Well and good; but we hope that the formal provision of open spaces will not prejudice the delight which a lawful man may now enjoy, with only occasional interruption of gamekeepers and churchwardens, of informally walking across country. *Beati qui ambulant*, as Mr. Maitland justly says in his preface to a certain Note-book, reasonably believed to be Bracton's own, of which there will be more to say anon.

COUNTRY CHURCHES.*

THE parish churches of England have undergone during the past fifty years a fiery trial. A few—the minority—have come out of it unscathed. The majority have been transformed, some without wholly losing their old identity, but others so that no man can say "This is the old parish church in which my forefathers worshipped." The process applied to some of them was really conservative. Bending walls were straightened, crumbling stones were replaced, the roof was made waterproof, dry rot was eradicated from the woodwork, and the church, so "repaired and beautified," remained as it had been, and gave promise of lasting. But in far more cases both structural alterations and a complete change of ornamentation turned the building into something which the architect employed had convinced himself, perhaps in certain

* *Abbeys and Churches of England and Wales*. Edited by the Rev. T. G. Bonney. London: Cassell & Co. 1887.
Notable Midland Churches. "Church Bells" Office.

cases rightly, that the church had been when it was first set up. Such churches so "restored" have this defect. Their history has perished. They look as a page of an illuminated manuscript looks when the writing has been wiped off. They remain absolutely uninteresting, and must so remain till, in the lapse of ages, the old look comes back by degrees, and the church has again some part of its history written upon it. Again, in a great many cases the architect has been called to doctor a building he does not understand, and for whose condition he has no sympathy. This is especially the case with the great Perpendicular parish churches, as large as some cathedrals, which may be traced across England along the oolite formation from Somerset to Lincoln. At Corsham, for example, the tower which stood over the crossing of the nave and transepts was, by and with the advice of a very eminent architect now deceased, absolutely pulled down, with all the principal features of the interior of a most interesting church. Something of the same kind happened at Melksham. In both cases the towers have been rebuilt outside the church, a place for which they were never designed. Another very destructive kind of "restoration" is that applied to a church in a parish which has become populous. New aisles, a lengthened nave, transepts, and various other devices are employed, as at Upton, and the church is spoiled. The usual excuse is that the new building is in complete harmony with the old, a plea worthy of the perpetrators of such vandalisms, and showing the obtuseness of their perceptions of historical and architectural harmony. We have no style now, it may be complained, or the alternative to this last kind of "restoration" would be to make the enlargement, if it must be made, in the style of the day. But in most cases a wholly new church, on a different or neighbouring site, is the true remedy; yet only two examples of this obvious course are known to fame—namely, Rugeley and Stanmore. Other alterations may be referred to as common, especially where the architect is ignorant or is a man with little taste. At Kensington they pulled down the church of their forefathers altogether, and erected a large and extremely inconvenient building, with the mock adjuncts of vestries and side chapels and porches, all part of the same design, nominally harmonizing, but in reality quite incongruous, because impossible in a church that has grown up in the long course of ages, which is the appearance the architect would have wished it to wear. Play-acting, however good and near reality, is not real life, and imitation Gothic, however correct, is not real Gothic. One other crime of the restorers must be mentioned, because it is one of the worst. This consists in clearing out all woodwork later in style than the church, and substituting furniture supposed to be mediæval in character. Thus a well-known architect treated a Perpendicular church built about 1509, taking down a very handsome classical screen and other old oak fittings such as would be likely to occur in so late a church, and putting in deal benches and other similar features, including wall tiles, in a supposed thirteenth-century style. The effect is that the church looks as if it had been furnished and fitted two hundred years before it was built. The same delightful effect may be seen in one of the most famous churches in the world, St. Peter ad Vincula, within the Tower. It is well known that St. Peter's was built about the year 1530. The reredos and other embellishments are of the fifteenth century, at least a century older than the church itself.

Dr. Bonney's handsome volume shows us a large number of these restored churches; and some of them are very handsome, if not very interesting, such as Sherborne, which was built by the late Earl Digby, who died in 1856, or St. Mary Redcliffe, which was completed in 1872, or the curious round churches at Cambridge and Little Maplestead, which both date, as we now see them, from the middle of the present century. Beaconsfield and Hughenden are neighbours, and are described in a charming article by Mr. Penderell Brodhurst, who regrets the alterations, which rob both of their associations. It is the same in many of the churches figured in the *Church Bells Album*. Ashburne Church, in Derbyshire, was built, or rebuilt—it is immaterial which we say—between 1876 and 1882. St. Martin's, Birmingham, was rebuilt in 1875. St. Michael's, Coventry, was in great part erected about the year 1869, and is now being rebuilt. St. Mary Magdalen, at Newark, a very fine church, was built by Sir Gilbert Scott in 1855, the old features being carefully imitated. The cuts in Dr. Bonney's handsome volume are very pretty; and the articles, by various writers, are light and pleasant for the most part. There is no index—a very bad fault in a book of the kind.

AN EDITION OF LUCAN.*

HUMILITY is a very pretty fault, but in these days of prolific book-making it is a risky thing for the honest workman to cry down his own performance, lest he be taken at his word. Your literary detective is never more suspicious than when he is dealing with books prepared for "the use of students in the University and the Higher Forms of Schools," and he is apt to

* *M. Annai Lucani Pharsalia*. By C. E. Haskins, M.A., Fellow and Classical Lecturer of St. John's College, Cambridge. With an Introduction by W. E. Heitland, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge. London: George Bell & Sons; Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. 1887.

make use of incautious admissions. Mr. Heitland, therefore, was not well advised to describe his Introduction to Lucan as "lamentably crude and incomplete." There is just enough truth in the epithets to make them dangerous. Mr. Heitland's style of writing is dry and formal; and his "study" is in this sense incomplete that it might, and ought to, have been longer. Having already claimed 119 pages, he might very well have so far extended his remarks as to cover several important matters which he has chosen to neglect. It is quite true that a considerable monograph might be written on the relations between Lucan and the two Senecas, but that is no reason for leaving the matter quite undiscussed. Again, even if the history of the Pisonian Conspiracy has been written once for all by Tacitus (*magna moles et inprospéra*), Mr. Heitland might have done a little more than summarize the leading events.

Of the manuscripts Mr. Heitland goes out of his way to profess a defiant ignorance; and for this offence a severe lecture has already been administered to him, as well as to Mr. Haskins, who has "made no attempt to produce a critical text." By this omission they run the risk of being quickly superseded by a successor, who will appropriate, with very handsome acknowledgments, the fruit of their labours. But the offence is in this case more than a non-fenceance, it often becomes a positive malfeasance. Though no pretence has been made to separate interpretation from textual criticism, yet by too frequently ignoring the functions of recension Mr. Haskins has done something to impair the value of his commentary. But, if a man does not possess the rare qualities of mind which are required for textual criticism, no doubt he does well to leave it alone. The pity is that by this deficiency or omission—which ever it may be—he is prevented from making the best use of his other powers. But in Lucan's *Pharsalia* there is room for many workers. Quite apart from the text, very much has to be done by way of explanation and illustration. Nor can it be denied that Mr. Haskins and Mr. Heitland have made a substantial addition to contemporary Latin scholarship. They have been lucky enough to find a nearly vacant place, and they have occupied it. Plenty remains for other scholars to accomplish; but the next man who comes after them will have to thank them for clearing the way before him.

Mr. Heitland is not an indulgent critic; it would have been gracious in him to have praised Lucan less grudgingly and blamed him less eagerly. His criticism is a merciless exposure of literary sins and shortcomings, and an indolent or confiding reader might be discouraged by such an introduction from making acquaintance with the text. It is true that none of the points which are scored can be successfully contested. Lucan, it is admitted, was a better rhetorician than poet; his descriptions are overdone, his digressions tedious, and his moralizing odious; his versification is monotonous; his ostentatious learning is often inaccurate; he infests his poem with "a plague of catalogues"; he tries the patience with his elaboration of petty detail; and (worst of all) his hyperbole sometimes makes him ridiculous. Witness the description of a wounded man only "kept together" by the spears in his body:—

Nec quicquam nudis vitalibus obstat
Jam præter stantes in summis ossibus hastas.

But with all his faults Lucan was not a Bavius or a Mævius. He was ridiculed, but he was also appreciated by the elegant Petronius; and Statius, writing in a friendly way, was not afraid to compare him with Virgil:—"Betim Mantua provocare noli." This can hardly have been meant for a serious judgment; but Statius, even in addressing the poet's widow, would not have used an expression which he thought likely to meet with instant and universal ridicule. Judged by the general level of his work, Lucan would take a high place among poets of the second rank; and there are not a few splendid passages in the *Pharsalia* which seem to raise him for a time above his natural position.

Mr. Heitland makes very short work of the rash assertion that Lucan was not a student of Virgil. Sixteen pages are filled with "parallel passages," and Professor Nettleship has shown that the list might have been extended. In many cases the resemblance is too close to be explained by anything except a conscious and open imitation, which is almost Ausonian in its literalness; sometimes the very words are reproduced with a colourable alteration of the setting—e.g. at i. 34 [*fata*] *invenere viam*; at i. 366, *usque adeo miserum est civili vincere bello*? and at ii. 290, *cum ruat arduus æther*. Still more frequent are the lines which recall some familiar construction, some turn of phrase, or some Virgilian allusion. The most interesting part of Mr. Heitland's introduction is his discussion of the question—"Who is the Hero of the *Pharsalia*?" His answer is, in his own words, "Wanted a Hero." Pompey was no doubt intended to occupy the position, but Lucan's portrait is "more true to the original than Lucan's comments would lead us to expect; one may almost say, than Lucan meant it to be." After a clever summary of Cæsar's career, as described in the poem, Mr. Heitland remarks:—

Take him on Lucan's own showing, this is a man indeed. . . . The hero *de facto* is Cæsar. He is the impersonation of power; and, in spite of Lucan's attempts to blacken his character—which fail from being overdone—he has the moral greatness that fits him to be the hero of a greater poem than the *Pharsalia*.

If Cæsar is power, Cato is moral greatness; he is a sort of secondary hero.

Pompey cannot be called a hero in any sense. He is the protagonist of that political and military Rome, the utter rottenness of which he only partly understands, and the fall of which he is too timid to hasten.

Mr. Heitland's Caesar-worship leads him into epigram, almost into paradox:—

It is very characteristic of Lucan that it should be necessary to search after the hero at length. And, when we have found him, he is a hero not in virtue of the poet's efforts, but in spite of them. This is the Nemesis that follows on an attempt to misrepresent history. Lucan is borne on the stream of declamation, without knowing whither it may bear him. And the fact that he cannot wholly falsify the truth, that Caesar remains (as Teuffel says) the "negative hero," helps to explain the popularity of the poem. In no age could men have admired a work the merits of which consisted solely in complete and successful caricature.

Would they be more likely to admire an unsuccessful caricature? and (successful or unsuccessful) can anybody declare that the caricature of Caesar is the sole merit of Lucan's poem? Truly Dr. Mommsen has much to answer for in the extravagances of his disciples.

Mr. Haskins's commentary on the text of the *Pharsalia* must have cost him enormous labour, but it ought to make him a considerable reputation. It proves him to be an accurate, patient, and sensible scholar. Simply to write several thousands of detached notes, and not to commit any serious mistake, is a feat which tests and taxes the staying powers. Page after page of Mr. Haskins's commentary may be closely studied without detecting a remark which can be dismissed as unworthy of consideration. For the brilliant conjectures which compel admiration even when they do not quite carry conviction, and for the inspired suggestions which throw the light of day upon obscure passages, we must go to scholars who are steeped more thoroughly than Mr. Haskins in the spirit of Latinity. If he is not a guide to conduct you triumphantly over unexplored regions, he may be counted upon for keeping you straight so far as there is a track to follow. It must not be supposed that Mr. Haskins is without originality of his own; at vii. 325 (a very difficult passage), in place of the MS. readings *impetut* and *imputet*, he ventures to conjecture

Ignoti jugulum tanquam scelus imputat hostis,

and he interprets the line:—"the foe is one who reckons the slaughter (even) of a stranger as a crime." Thus Caesar is made to argue that it will only be wasting scruples if each of his soldiers refrains from attacking his own relatives in the Pompeian army; such refinement on the part of the Cæsarians will not be appreciated on the other side. Certainly this interpretation and this reading square very neatly with the context:—

Civis qui fugerit esto:

*Sed dum tela micant, non vos pietatis imago
Ulla nec adversa conspecti fronte parentes
Commoveant: volutis gladio turbate verendos,
Sive quis infesto cognata in pectora ferro
Ibit, seu nullum violabit vulnere pignus,
Ignoti jugulum tanquam scelus imputat hostis.*

Again, at x. 24 Mr. Haskins makes a suggestion which we believe to be his own. We give it for what it is worth; in our own opinion, not very much. Caesar is described as paying a visit to the tomb of that Fortunate Brigand, Alexander the Great:—

*Illic Pellæi proles vāsana Philippī
Felix prædo jacet terrarum vindice fato
Raptus: sacratis totum spargenda per orbem
Membra viri posuere adytis: Fortuna pepercit
Manibus et regni duravit ad ultima fatum.*

Rejecting Weise's explanation ("the good fortune of his kingdom has lasted till the latest times," identifying Egypt with the empire of Alexander, a part with the whole), and the Scholiast's suggestion ("his good fortune lasted till the last days of his kingdom"—but the peaceful repose of Alexander's remains lasted beyond the reduction of Egypt to be a Province of Rome), Mr. Haskins proposes to interpret the passage—"His good fortune has lasted till these last times of tyranny"—i.e. the empire of the Cæsars. There had been, so Lucan is made to say, no interval of freedom in which these remains would have been scattered:—

*Nam sibi libertas unquam si redderet orbem
Ludibrio servatus erat, non utile mundo
Editus exemplo, terras tot posse sub uno
Esse viro.*

Not the least commendable quality of Mr. Haskins's notes is their businesslike brevity. When he gives a translation he does it not to show off his skill, but to save an explanation which would have been longer. But it may be remarked that the translations are extremely good—generally terse, yet always clear. In his citation of illustrative or parallel passages, Mr. Haskins has been more generous of his space. He quotes enough of each passage, but not more than enough, to make the context unmistakable. Mr. Haskins has a judgment of his own, and he is not afraid of expressing dissent from his predecessors, notably from Weise; as, for instance, at iv. 191:—

Magnum nunc secula nostra

Venturi discrimen habent,

which Mr. Haskins refers to the time at which Lucan was writing; at v. 371:—

*Nil magis adsueta sceleri quam perdere mentes
Atque perire timet,*

where Weise translates "There is nothing he dreads more than to lose hearts inured to guilt and that they should be lost," but Mr. Haskins avoids the change of subject and takes "perire" as "be ruined"; at vii. 525, "Immemores pugnae nulloque pudore timendi," where Mr. Haskins prefers "with no shame for their

cowardice" to Weise's "not to be feared from any sense of honour"; and at x. 356:—

cessas accurrere solus

Ad domine thalamos?

The passage is from the speech of Pothinus urging Achilles to murder Caesar. Weise takes it, "Do you alone delay to hurry to your mistress's chamber?"—i.e. to salute her as queen. Mr. Haskins sees irony in the question, "Do you hesitate to hasten by yourself to your mistress's chamber?"—i.e. to rush into the very jaws of danger with none to help you. These quotations will serve to show that Mr. Haskins is a clear-headed and careful commentator, and this impression will be greatly confirmed by a systematic study of any considerable portion of Lucan's text by the help of these notes. It is not often that help has been withheld when it ought to have been given, or given when it is not required.

This edition of the *Pharsalia* is not a work of brilliant scholarship or learned research. But, if it were less meritorious than it is, it would deserve to be welcomed, because it helps to reopen in England the study of a poet who has lately been more criticized than understood. A good Lucan has long been wanted; and Mr. Haskins and Mr. Heitland together have met nearly all the requirements of a substantive edition.

MODERN GUIDES OF ENGLISH THOUGHT IN MATTERS OF FAITH.

THE present volume of Mr. Hutton's essays contains, as we understand it, little, if any, matter which as a whole has not appeared in divers periodicals, with, however, a certain amount of amplification and adjustment of the matter which has so appeared. The general titles—Thomas Carlyle, "The two great Oxford thinkers Cardinal Newman and Matthew Arnold," George Eliot, Frederick Denison Maurice—will sufficiently show the style of the general treatment. In that style and treatment Mr. Hutton must be regarded as having a right to speak to a certain extent *ex cathedra*. As a purely literary critic, and in some other functions, the very characteristics which give him authority here sometimes weaken his verdicts—as, for instance, in his astonishing treatment of a writer like Scott, whom yet he regards with a generous affection. But when he comes to his peculiar department, the department of earnest ethical and theological estimate of things in general, informed by sufficiently wide literary and political knowledge, he occupies a place pretty much by himself. No doubt he preaches to his own congregation—a defect rather incident to the habit of preaching at all. But as escaping at once the special defect of the purely religious writer, that he is ignorant of literature and does not know what to make of politics, the special defect of the purely literary writer that in politics he is imbecile and careless of religion, and the special defect of the purely political writer, that in religion and politics he usually sees men as trees walking, if he sees them at all, Mr. Hutton deserves attention.

We have hardly more than one fault to find with any section of his book as a whole, and that is a fault which is a little difficult of mention. Mr. Matthew Arnold may be called a great writer, seeing that he has certainly a greater skill both in verse and prose than most of his contemporaries, with pretty general consent. We have known those who called him a great critic; and certainly, if laying just stress on canons of criticism too much neglected by his countrymen will suffice to constitute greatness, there is reason for the attribution. Some even hold him a great poet, though the more excellent way is perhaps to describe him as a person who has sometimes written very exquisite poetry. But a great thinker? This is very new and startling. Great thinkers do not become obsolete in a dozen years; and, if we may borrow Mr. Arnold's own style, we fear that, though the author of *Poems and Essays in Criticism* is well alive, the author of *God and the Bible*, of *Literature and Dogma*, is with the King of Hamath and the King of Arphad and the King of the city of Sepharvaim. Mr. Hutton's omission (which is rather a fault) to date his essays makes it difficult, without laborious researches in back numbers (foulest back-water of the *nigra undæ lethargi*), to be sure when he wrote these papers. But he must have mistaken the passing vogue of certain books in which Mr. Arnold himself mistook his way, and for a time was followed by a certain part of the public, for an evidence of great thinking. Oxford, as God and St. Frideswide have pleased, has produced not a few great thinkers. Scotus, Occam, Bradwardine, Wyclif, Hooker, Hobbes, Locke, Berkeley (for she may claim Berkeley), Hamilton, Mansel, and others are certainly such. But Mr. Arnold? Surely the rosy blush must mount to that Parnassian brow at such a curious compliment as this?

As a rule, however, the peculiarity and the complexity, but at the same time the sharply-defined standpoint, of Mr. Hutton's criticism exempts his general views from any objection of this kind. The reader rather looks for intelligent *aperçus*, flashes from one particular point of the compass on the subjects, and he gets them. We should take ourselves a very different view of Mr. Carlyle's general influence from that which Mr. Hutton takes. He regards the sage of Chelsea as a destroyer, as the inculcator of revolutionary impulses. Now we should say that, if anything can

* *Modern Guides of English Thought in Matters of Faith.* By R. H. Hutton. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

explain the fact that from 1820 to 1860, or thereabouts, clever young men generally turned away from Torvism (they have come back to it, the best of them, as clever old men), while from 1860 to the present day the tendency has been exactly the other way, so that to find a clever man under forty now who is not at least a parcel-Tory is quite the exception, it is the filtering through of the teaching of Carlyle on the rottenness of such shams as the sacred right of fifty-one fools to dictate to forty-nine wise men, and as the theory that the fifty-one *quâ* fifty-one are less likely to be fools than the forty-nine. But a great many scattered observations as to Carlyle which are wont to escape his more thoroughgoing admirers are to be found here. The two essays on George Eliot are autobiographically curious, because they show how that pathetic book her *Life and Letters*, which from its display of her hopeless spiritual priggishness half reconciled some much more orthodox persons than Mr. Hutton, positively lessened his own admiration for her, and critically interesting because of some remarks (as good as we have yet seen anywhere) on the strange limitations, passing sometimes into positive negation, of her sometimes abounding humour. Of the papers on Cardinal Newman and on Maurice it is not so easy to speak; for, though only one of the two is alive, there is in each case something like a great ox on the tongue of any critic who, desiring to speak according to conscience, also desires to spare personal feelings. In the case of the one as in the case of the other, much as they differed in many things, there are on the one side idolaters and on the other iconoclasts to whom anything short of unlimited adoration or of utter reprobation would seem unsatisfactory; and those who are unable to take either view of either person had better hold their peace.

SERICULTURE.*

WE attach high value to Mr. Cochran's history of the education, as it is technically called, and of the diseases and propagation and daily habits of silkworms. We take the greatest interest in his account of M. Pasteur's treatment of *fébrine* and *âchérie*. We love to read how a wise sericulturist chooses the eggs he intends to hatch from those laid by moths the worms of which have mounted the heather with agility, have shown no signs of *âchérie* between the fourth moulting and mounting time, and do not contain the least corpuscle of *fébrine*. It increases our respect for our industrious little fellow-creatures to be assured that they love fresh air and hate stuffiness as much as human beings ought to do, but as many railway-travellers and church-goers do *not*. We take pleasure in their hearty appetites, and like to know that in China they are supplied with a good meal every half-hour, and that in the course of twenty-four hours each little gourmand devours ten times his own weight. It coincides with our instincts of gallantry and with our chivalrous respect for the sweeter sex to learn that in the tiny commonwealth, as in certain states peopled by men and women, *c'est le ventre qui annoblit*, and that a perfectly healthy female cannot be contaminated by union with a corpulent male. If she is free from disease, her progeny will be robust, although the male may have exhibited doubtful symptoms. We have only instanced a few of the pregnant facts to which Mr. Cochran calls our attention. His book contains a long and exhaustive treatise on the whole subject of silk-producing insects. His account of the marvellous improvements introduced and discoveries made in the culture and natural history of silkworms by Mr. John Grifflit, of Bournabat, near Smyrna, are even to a desultory reader of most absorbing interest. By intending cultivators they will be found of the greatest value. Mr. Cochran uses no hyperbolic language when he speaks of sericulture as "this fascinating industry." He himself is an enthusiast, but from higher and more patriotic motives, as the lady in poor "Cham's" picture of the Jardin d'Acclimatation, who, after watching the silkworms on the mulberry leaves, suddenly exclaims to her husband, "Vois donc, mon ami, des vers à soie; faut les encourager, ces pauvres bêtes; tu m'achèteras demain une robe de soie." The author of this work will have attained the great desire of his life, and will have achieved a feat worthy of the highest commendation, if he succeeds in his excellent endeavour to acclimatize sericulture in some of our colonies, which are sadly in want of a new sphere of industry.

We have spoken of our author's work, first and foremost, as a treatise on silk culture, though he himself calls his volume a book of travels in Asia Minor. It is very evident that to spread a knowledge of the science of sericulture is his first object, and he has performed that part of his task very admirably. As a writer of travels in the East, he is only moderately successful, and not at all original. He is too full of his eatings and sleepings, and of what Mr. Thomas Adolphus Trollope, in his delightful *Remembrances*, calls "guide-book chatter." We do not care to be told in offensively tall English how at sea the "human viscera can be fortified against the siege of Neptune," or how, in spite of all such fortifying, "the old sea-god demands and receives his tribute," or how he himself had "to abandon his substance to swagging Neptune." We are still more indifferent to his views on English politics, even when he states that "Mr. Gladstone towers immeasurably above the lesser Salisburys and all other statesmen,"

and that one of the grandest evidences of his superiority as a patriotic Minister is to be found in his surrender of the Ionian Islands. But, then, Mr. Cochran is also of opinion that Great Britain should give back Gibraltar to Spain, and should refuse Ceuta if it were offered in exchange.

Mr. Cochran is anxious to show that it is not as one of the "masses" that he pins his faith to the seer of Hawarden. He gives us a condensed pedigree of his race, by which it appears that the founder of his long-descended house was a certain Ocran, a prince and captain of the tribe of Asher mentioned in the Book of Numbers. But Mr. Cochran is a Scotchman, and he may perhaps be only whetting his "wut" on Southrons, who are so dull as to take literally his most brilliant jokes or his most cutting irony. But, whether our author's forbear was a Scandinavian Viking or a Jewish prince, Mr. Cochran has, in spite of his political idiosyncrasies, no fatuous belief in the peaceable professions or friendly intentions of Russia, and he is honestly convinced that "every intelligent and unbiassed visitor to Constantinople from any part of Great Britain will return home well satisfied that this splendid inheritance should still be held by the Turkish nation rather than by the enemy of Europe and civilization, the grim Octopus of the North." In Smyrna Mr. Cochran had an opportunity of seeing how strictly the Jews enforce a local law of their own forbidding the use of tobacco by young persons. A boy was discovered smoking a cigarette in the outskirts of the city. He was seized and brought before the rulers of the synagogue. A Rabbi then read from the Talmud a passage supposed to authorize the infliction of the punishment about to follow. The lad was then stripped stark naked and hung up in a stout bag to a hook in the ceiling. At intervals he was cruelly beaten with a stout leather thong by one of the attendants, while another attendant dropped hot grease over him from a candle manufactured of a most loathsome description of tallow. This punishment lasted a long time, and the poor victim's yells were heard by persons afar off, yet the Turkish officials declined to interfere. They looked on with scornful indifference. It was no affair of theirs, they said.

Some of the best and most useful passages in Mr. Cochran's book are those which point out how very much wider in their generation the German Government and German immigrants into foreign lands are than the Government of Great Britain and the settlers from our own shores. It may be said that this is a stale story which will hardly bear repetition. We venture to say that the most "damnable iteration" will not be out of place until something is done to give our folks an equal start with their Teutonic rivals. Any one accused of wearing the subject threadbare may fairly excuse himself in the words of Alphonse Karr, when taunted with over-persistence:—"Si je répète toujours la même chose, c'est toujours la même chose. Si ce n'était pas toujours la même chose, je ne répèterais pas toujours la même chose."

It cannot be mere surplusage to quote Mr. Cochran's warning statements that the neglect of modern languages in our mercantile houses is gradually, and not too gradually either, beating our agents out of the field; that while English firms are content to deal with similar extensive concerns in Smyrna or Constantinople, "the German house pushes its travellers with a polyglot assortment of samples into every nook of the Turkish Empire, where the buyers are talked to in their own dialect, are shown specimens, and have all little difficulties explained." The Germans have a subsidized college near Constantinople. The Americans have a large school. There is no similar British institution in all Turkey. A British House of Commons would scout the notion of voting money to found one. The German knows how to ingratiate himself with the Turk by speaking to him in his own tongue. Bono Johnny is so pleased that he will buy anything offered to him, however ugly or however scamped in the making. Can we then afford to slight or affect to disbelieve Mr. Cochran's still timely warning that, unless this state of things is reformed altogether, "the German commercial grasp on the trade of Asia Minor, and on the East generally, is bound to strengthen, while ours *must* relax"? Mr. Cochran is not content with quoting, with no expression of disapproval, the fatuous and laboured improvisations of a fellow-passenger, whom he calls the "rhymester," and who appears to have been a congenital idiot. He thus cruelly maims and misquotes Tommy Moore:—

I thought that if peace could be found in this world,
A thankful heart might look for it here.

Fancy the musical little bard whom Father Prout used to call "Lady Lansdowne's piper" making his listener's ears bleed with such hideous cacophony. It wounds worse than the most cutting of east winds. But the author of *Pen and Pencil* not only quotes and misquotes poetry; he writes it himself. *Eccce signum*. This is the first stanza of a poem called

A WILD NIGHT IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

The notion among landmen's not unknown
That th' Mediterranean is a placid sea;
But such forget the wild Euroclydon
Which drove th' Apostle under Claudia's lee.
It might not be this gale which caught anon
Our friends, yet doubtless you will think with me,
That if a sim'lar tempest blew upon
Them, even in a modified degree,
The waves would, though perhaps not mountains high,
The strength of e'en the toughest stomach try.

* *Pen and Pencil in Asia Minor; or, Notes from the Levant*. By William Cochran, Member of the Society of Arts, &c. Illustrated with Engravings. London: Sampson Low & Co.

GOLDSMITH'S POEMS.*

AS time rolls on, the most hackneyed and over-edited classics become slowly fresh again, and demand the attention of a new generation of editors. Hence, of even our familiar old friend Goldsmith, whom we have looked upon as secure for the rest of his immortality from the importunities of the learned, we are reminded that half a century divides us from his erudite Mitford and more than forty years from his careful and excellent Bolton Corney. In the meantime Mr. Gibbs has done something, but not very much, to elucidate the poems of Goldsmith, his work lying mainly in the direction of the prose. The editing of Goldsmith, then, though once so copious, has become antiquated, and not a little has been left for the patient industry of the poet's latest scholiast.

We confess it is not in these fields that we prefer to meet Mr. Austin Dobson. We present a permanent demand upon him for his own delicately carved and coloured verses. There are many who can edit the English classics; there is only one who can write "Beau Brocade." But we can imagine that Mr. Dobson has heard this sort of thing before, and that he might answer, like Dr. Young's Daphne,

Lampooner! have a care;
Must I want common sense because I'm fair?

We admit the argument, and, though loving best the fairness of his poetry, we acknowledge the admirable common sense of his editing. His knowledge of the anecdotal of the eighteenth century, its shops and its scandals, its newspapers and its notoriety, is very extensive, and gives him a special fitness to edit a poet who, like Goldsmith, is nothing if not allusive.

At this time of day there is no hope of gleaming any more of Goldsmith's elegant verse. We fancy that Cunningham, who printed the translation of Vida's *Game of Chess* in 1854, was the last possessor of unpublished work of Goldsmith; the latest contribution of any value was the *Letter to Mrs. Bunbury*, which first appeared fifty years ago. Nor can we wish that any more should be forthcoming, if novelties are to be of no better quality than the Whiteford continuation to *Retaliation*, first brought forward in the fifth edition of that posthumous poem, under circumstances more than dubious. We regret that Mr. Austin Dobson had not the courage to relegate these lines to his appendix; he sounds too timidly the note of caution. We will allow ourselves to say that, rather than believe that Goldsmith, in the fulness of his powers, wrote such stuff, we would cheerfully resign all claim to a literary palate.

The notes are the strong point in this edition. We do not know when we have been so much diverted as well as instructed by any part of a school-book as by these copious and excellent notes. We do not speak without comparison of this volume with preceding editions of Goldsmith when we say that no previous annotator has so industriously and intelligently illuminated the poet's text. Of Mr. Dobson's discoveries we regard as the most interesting the explanation of what has always puzzled us and has never hitherto had any light thrown upon it—namely, the "each guest brought his dish" of Scarron's feast. Mr. Dobson has found out the very phrase in a life of that poet. Scarron, it seems, had parties at which "chacun apportait son plat." Again, we find here for the first time an explanation of that crux in *The Good-Natur'd Man*—

No, no! I've other contests to maintain;
To-night I head our troop at Warwick-lane.

It appears from Bonnell Thornton's poem of *The Battle of the Wigs*, which had just been published in January, 1768, that this is an allusion to the dispute then raging between the Fellows and Licentiates of the College of Physicians, which stood in Warwick Lane.

In a similar way the editor's excellent memory and habit of observation have led him to identify a whole string of allusions in *The Author's Bedchamber*. "Calvert's Best Butt Beer," he reminds us, figures on the sign in Hogarth's "Beer Street"; and "Parsons' black champagne" was a kind of porter known under that name and brewed by Humphrey Parsons. In connexion with

The seasons, fram'd with listing, found a place,

the present editor directs our attention to a letter in which Goldsmith tells Mrs. Lawder that he intends to adorn his room with some maxims of frugality, and adds, "My landlady's daughter shall frame them with the parings of my black waistcoat." These things may seem slight, but nothing is unworthy which makes one of the finest genre-poems in the language sound more vivid to our modern ears. Of like interest are Mr. Dobson's notes on "Water parted," on "the Heinel of the Strand," on "the macaroni train" in the epilogue to *She Stoops to Conquer*, and on the reason why Kent Street was called upon to lament for Madam Blaize. If any one of our readers can give, off-hand, the answer to each of these conundrums, it is not, we take upon us to assert, through the good offices of any editor of Goldsmith who has preceded Mr. Dobson.

In one single respect we are not at one with the arrangement of this little book, which, however, is of little moment. We think that a more drastic exclusion of immaterial and even ill-written pieces would have taken nothing from the value of this collection of "Selected Poems," and would have been a kindness to the

memory of Goldsmith. By no possible extension of the term can the "Epitaph on Parnell" (who died, by the way, ten years before his weeping elegist was born), or the songs in *The Captivity* be considered as poetry, and they are entirely without personal importance as throwing light on Goldsmith. We have a still more serious objection to the introduction into this, as into previous editions, of "The Logicians Refuted," because we do not believe that it was written by Goldsmith. It bears no slightest trace of his style, it was printed as Swift's fifteen years before the death of Goldsmith, and first claimed for the latter, without a title of evidence, by Evans in 1780. We do not suppose that Swift wrote it; it was probably one of the facile and numerous imitations of the style of that writer which a dozen scribblers were then ready to produce at a moment's warning. The only reason for supposing it to be Goldsmith's seems to be that it appeared in *The Busybody*, but it would be difficult to admit that this is any proof at all. Only one certainly genuine piece of Goldsmith's verse has been traced to that periodical.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.*

CANON PERRY deserves the thanks of all Churchmen for this able and judicious sketch of the history of the Church of England from the accession of George I. to the present time. It forms a most satisfactory conclusion to his two earlier volumes, the value of which has long been recognized. His task has not been a light one; the aspects presented by the life of the Church in modern times are more various and its story more intricate than in earlier days, and in any attempt to write its history arrangement and method are of the first importance, while no small demand is made on the temper and discretion of an author whose work is concerned with questions of the deepest interest, many of them scarcely belonging to the past, and some of them matters of to-day. In point of arrangement it would probably be impossible, considering the space at his disposal, to improve on the plan Canon Perry has adopted here; he has felicitously combined a fairly chronological method of treatment with a division of his story according to its most prominent phases. Some omissions can, of course, be discovered, and among those that have specially struck us are that no mention is made of the widespread influence exercised by Frederick Denison Maurice, or of the famous Bampton Lectures of that brilliant defender of orthodoxy, Canon Mansel—whose name, indeed, does not once occur in these pages—or of the attempts made by Maurice, Canon Kingsley, and others to induce the London workmen to believe in their vague schemes of Christian Socialism. Nor indeed, except in the matter of elementary education, is there sufficient stress laid on the work of the Church in promoting the temporal welfare of the people. On the other hand, we are inclined to think that too large a portion of Canon Perry's narrow space has been devoted to the details of prosecutions and other legal proceedings. These matters have been handled skilfully, the relative bearing of each case being well brought out, and the clear and accurate account that is given of them adds much to the value of the volume as a book of ready reference. At the same time the place that the Church has taken in schemes for the benefit of the working classes and the hold that it has gained upon their regard, especially in our towns, are so far more worthy of attention that we grudge the number of pages devoted to less satisfactory subjects. However, we cannot say that we wish anything away that Canon Perry has given us, but we should have been glad if he had been able to speak more at length of the true life of the Church, the place that it has filled and is filling in the hearts of men. The standpoint from which his book is written is that of a loyal Churchman, and, though he hints that some of his statements will not be universally acceptable, it is perfectly certain that no one can handle Anglican Church history successfully unless, like the Canon, he is thoroughly imbued with Church feeling. While he is studiously fair towards men of all parties, he does not disguise his own opinions; he knows what the rights of the Church are and speaks with disapproval of every attack upon them, and he has no sympathy with attempts to pare down and explain away its sacramental teaching, or reduce its ritual to the unlovely level of the few ceremonies expressly declared obligatory in the Book of Common Prayer. At the same time he is no advocate of extravagance either in doctrine or practice, and heartily dislikes any "developments alien from the Anglican Church" that "are either evolved by the imagination from supposed primitive practice or are directly imitated from Rome." In order to represent the opinions of others as accurately as possible, he introduces a large number of quotations, letting each man state his case in his own words. Many of these quotations are extremely interesting, and, as he gives references in footnotes, will serve to direct those who are desirous of further information.

In his view of the history of the Church during the eighteenth century Canon Perry presents us with an excellent summary of the controversies of the period, describing in a single chapter the Arian tendencies of some of the Latitudinarian clergy, the general course and decline of the Deistical controversy, the attacks of the

* Goldsmith—Selected Poems. Edited by Austin Dobson. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

* The Student's English Church History—A History of the English Church. Third Period. From the Accession of the House of Hanover to the Present Time. By G. G. Perry, M.A., Canon of Lincoln and Rector of Waddington. London: John Murray. 1887.

sceptics, and the character of each of the most famous replies in defence of Christianity. In the face of all the foolish things that are said about the attitude of early Methodism towards the Church, it is well to have it clearly pointed out that the Methodist organization "had in itself the germs of inevitable schism," and that its creator was "lacking in the first elements of true churchmanship, subordination and humility." Canon Perry, however, seems to contradict the first of these statements a few pages later by expressing his conviction that, had the synods of the Church been in a position to encourage the bishops to ordain Wesley's preachers to "act as itinerants, the final separation might have been averted." Was, then, the Methodist schism not "inevitable"? Of the early Evangelicals he speaks with respect, as having done "a great work for the Church" in setting an example of zeal and devotion; though he does not fail to point out the defects of their system, dwelling especially on their powerlessness to invigorate the Church at large and the low view they took of its position. Their relations with Lady Huntingdon are well drawn out; the Countess, who held it to be her mission to order the Church of England according to her own lights, lost the services of her "chaplains" by the action of the Ecclesiastical Courts, and Porteus, the Evangelical Bishop of London, put a decided check on the irregularities of the revivalists, and called them back to the path of order. The foundation of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and its work in the American colonies, the sad effects of the absence of an episcopate, and the consecration of Seabury by the Scottish bishops lead to a short account of the depression and revival of the Church in Scotland; and this is followed by a notice of the condition of the Irish Church at the time of the Union, which, while bringing to an end its separate existence, unfortunately failed to provide "for its having a voice in the Synodical action of the Church of England."

A new era in the life of the Church may be said to have begun in the early years of the present century, and, as the overwhelming interest attaching to the Oxford movement is apt to draw off attention from the work that immediately preceded it, Canon Perry has done well to lay considerable stress on what was accomplished by Joshua Watson, Sikes, Van Mildert, and others, who saw the danger of the Evangelical policy of merging points of difference between Church and Dissent, and laboured "to do good on the lines of the Church of England"—a movement from which the Christian Knowledge Society dates the revival of its energy and usefulness. Renewed activity stirred up opposition. Attempts were made to ignore and slight the Church's work, the bulwarks that defended it were threatened, and the abuses that had crept into its system were made the ground of demands for drastic measures. While many excellent men, who had no idea of the Church except as an "Establishment," were greatly alarmed, and were ready to sacrifice the citadel to save the outworks, Churchmen of a different stamp, the founders of the Oxford school, were roused to action by the probability that an effort would be made to alter the Liturgy. At this critical period everything was in the hands of a few masterful bishops; the clergy generally knew nothing of what was proposed by Government, and had no means of expressing their wishes. A series of Acts of Parliament changed the "whole status of the Church," interfered with its revenues, and altered its judicial system, without any attempt being made to ascertain the feeling of the clergy, and while "the benefits of the changes were not small," the Church was treated as a mere machine to be regulated by an external and superior power. Yet the revolt against Erastianism had already begun, and the *Tracts for the Times* were teaching that the Church was something higher than a mere "Establishment," or a convenient instrument for teaching religion. Short as Canon Perry's account of the "Oxford Movement" necessarily is, the quotations it contains invest it with peculiar value. The power of the movement is illustrated in a chapter on the "Church at Work," in which we are reminded of the noble results that followed the labours of Dr. Hook at Leeds and Bishop Wilberforce in the diocese of Oxford. On every side, indeed, there were evidences of new life and vigour. Nevertheless, the synodical action of the Church was still suspended, and the results of the "Gorham Case," which is fully told in a chapter to itself, showed how this suspension left it exposed to the attacks of enemies. No part of this excellent volume deserves to be read with greater attention than the chapter on the revival of Convocation; for many people who certainly ought to know better still think and speak of Convocation as though it were a creation of Edward I., called into being for political reasons, and with no inherent rights of deliberation and action; they confuse the appearance of the clergy in Parliament in virtue of the *præmunientes* clause with their assemblage in their provincial Synods, and the right to promulgate canons which depends on the sanction of the Crown with the right of discussion and transacting business which belongs to the Synods from remote antiquity. Convocation was silent for some hundred and thirty years; but it was silent because the bishops were willing that the voice of the clergy should not be heard, and because the clergy were ignorant and careless of their undoubted rights. Among the chapters on later events will be found a succinct and well-written account of the vague speculations contained in *Essays and Reviews*, and of the legal proceedings that followed its publication. Next comes the long and painful story of the revolt of Bishop Colenso, somewhat relieved by the worthy picture drawn of Bishop Gray, whose victory in the Church's quarrel was won at so great a cost to himself and with so little loyal support from those to whom he had

the best right to look for it. As we have already said, the prosecutions for excess of ritual are related with clearness and impartiality. Although Canon Perry notices the melancholy fact that five clergymen have been imprisoned for refusing to obey a judge appointed under the Public Worship Regulation Act, he closes the detailed history of the subject with the judgment of the Court of Final Appeal in the "Ridsdale case." At the present moment the chapters on the two Pan-Anglican Synods which were held under the presidency of Archbishops Longley and Tait respectively will be read with special interest. Such gatherings are well calculated to increase the welfare and spiritual life both of the Church of England and of the Churches in communion with it; and all Churchmen will join in the hope that the Synod which has now been invited to meet by the present Archbishop of Canterbury will be as successful in every way as that which met nearly ten years ago.

INSULINDE.*

OWING to the extreme quietness with which her affairs are managed, it often remains forgotten that Holland owns a vast colonial empire in the East, to the products of which she is indebted for much of her national wealth. The bulk of these possessions lie in the Malay Archipelago, and comprise some of the largest and most fertile islands on the face of the globe, with an aggregate area more than half as large as Europe. Sumatra, Java, the greater part of Borneo, the Moluccas, the northern part of Celebes, and the western half of New Guinea, together with numerous smaller groups, all acknowledge the sway of the Netherlands Government, and yet this vast tract is perhaps less known to the majority of Englishmen than the atolls of Polynesia or the frozen wastes of Nova Zembla. Possessing every attraction of scenery, and offering a grand field to the archaeologist and sportsman, Insulinde still remains a sealed book to us, except through the enterprise of a few enthusiastic naturalists who have incidentally lifted a corner of the veil, and afforded a glimpse of the rich material lying ready to the hand of the observant traveller. Nor is the cause of this ignorance difficult to trace. The Dutch are not simply a race of phlegmatic traders, awakened only from their normal lethargy by the gain accruing to commercial enterprise, but a far-seeing and prudent people, much wiser than to bellow forth a pean of triumph to all the world announcing their possession of a land rich in natural resources of many kinds. It is, indeed, quite the reverse; for the shrewdness begotten of experience has taught them rather to court obscurity than to invite the searching glare of publicity. In a quiet, methodical fashion they accommodate their habits to those of their native dependencies, respecting the prejudices of the people, and conducting all intercourse in the language of the latter. Hence, although the rule of Holland is not by any means mild, revolts against it are rare from the absence of all unnecessary and irritating friction, and it is only at long intervals—as recently at Acheen—that Europe is reminded of the dusky millions over whom she holds sway. Her policy, if not strictly exclusive, certainly offers small inducement to the people of other nationalities desirous of a new field for their enterprise, and she—wisely or not—considers herself quite competent to deal with the spiritual wants of her native subjects, a bold assumption which has closed the gates of Insulinde against the missionary element, and thereby, doubtless, robbed the world of many interesting particulars and pathetic anecdotes. Few foreign ships visit the outlying islands of the Malay Archipelago, nearly the entire trade being conducted in Dutch bottoms, so that another source of possible information is denied to the world; neither is there a native press to ventilate the imaginary wrongs of the subject race, whilst the education of the people is left pretty much to take care of itself. Altogether it may be assumed that Holland is supremely content with the present blissful reign of ignorance as regards her colonial dominions, and desires nothing better than that it should continue for ever. This, however, is not to be expected. The isolation denied to China and Korea can hardly be allowed to exist in the dependencies of a civilized European nation, and for this reason we cordially welcome every addition to the scanty literature of the Malay Archipelago.

The latest book on this subject is a volume compiled from the letters and journal of Mrs. Forbes, the wife of the well-known naturalist, Mr. Henry O. Forbes. The writer, who accompanied her husband during the last part of his wanderings, and cheerfully shared the perils and privations of a collector's life, has given an account of what she saw and underwent in a simple, straightforward fashion, and without any admixture of scientific matter. Evidences of minute observation are visible on every page, and much information is furnished concerning the dress and habits of the natives with whom the author was brought into contact. Amongst the wonderful things described are pigeons larger than guinea-fowls; very young children familiar with the names of every bird, butterfly, tree, seed, flower, and shell! (the note of admiration is our own); whilst at Surabaya a mummified merman and mermaid were amongst the curiosities displayed by a speculative Chinaman. Mrs. Forbes suffered terribly from fever, nervous

* *Insulinde; Experiences of a Naturalist's Wife in the Eastern Archipelago.* By Anna Forbes. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1887.

and malarial, and the account of the misery that she endured whilst prostrated by this scourge is very distressing. Entirely alone—her husband was absent on an expedition—and unable to move, she lay helplessly watching the rats as, in broad daylight, they tried to gnaw through the curtains of the bed, or raced over the floor, dragging with them birds as large as a chicken. Altogether the book contains much that is of interest; but an extreme minuteness of trivial detail is likely to gain for it more admirers among women than among men—the object at which, according to the preface, the author has apparently aimed.

ON A SURF-BOUND COAST.*

ALTHOUGH Mr. Crouch has thought it well to make a book out of his cable-laying experiences, or rather of a three months' section of them, he has gone about the task with caution and under a veil of semi-secrecy. Thus the name of the Company that laid the cable is suppressed, and the names of the ships engaged in the work are fictitious. So are those of his comrades, and of the gunboats and merchantmen encountered during the voyage, and everybody on board of them. Indeed, this is carried further. Mr. Archer P. Crouch, whose name appears as author on the title-page, dissembles throughout the book under the pseudonym of Bertram. All these precautions give a certain air of unreality to the not very exciting events which Mr. Crouch, alias "Bertram," chronicled in his diary and duly sent to press. The volume opens with a "scientific disquisition," in which Mr. Crouch's, or rather Bertram's, "Philistine brother," who has come to see him off, wearing a tall hat about which "he was always very particular when he came to town," is made to fill the part of a conversational whipping-boy. The brother makes some remark more or less foolish about the electric apparatus, such as, speaking of a Morse instrument, "I have heard that clicking noise before in post-offices, but didn't think much of it." Thereon Bertram fires off an instalment of the scientific disquisition. In this way the Philistine brother becomes a connecting wire along which information is conveyed to an equally Philistine public—a plan not without its advantages. But if we were the brother we should object to it. At length when the disquisition is done he goes away very much bored, and we see him no more. Bertram also sails in the *Thracia*, and in due course reaches the surf-bound coast, and assists in laying cables. On the whole, the expedition does not appear to have been exciting. Nothing particular happened, and nobody died of fever or got shipwrecked. The two vessels put in and out of various ports on the West Coast, all of which seem to be very steamy and disagreeable places. Sometimes they picked up cables and sometimes they laid them down. On one occasion there was a slight hitch in the running-out apparatus, and on another the cable got fouled by the screw, and somebody had to dive and disentangle it. Under these circumstances Bertram was obliged to fill his diary with descriptions of the little peculiarities of his friends on the electric staff, and with reports of their rather stupid stories. One of these gentlemen, who is christened Mr. Shirley, was a person of great prudence. He brought with him no less than thirty-six ounce bottles of quinine, and announced his intention of taking them all. We cannot help wondering whether he did, and in that event if he still survives. Sometimes the conversation turned on literary topics. It will, by the way, interest the advocates of higher education to know that the *Letters of Junius*, *Josephus*, and *Locke on the Human Understanding* are read and valued by the aborigines of Bathurst. Eight copies of the last work were, according to a coloured shopkeeper, sold in twelve months to natives of that town, and presumably read by them. Perhaps the most amusing thing in the book is an account of the visit of the King of Agnamu in Ashantee to the English Governor at Christiansborg. He was received with all due state, and a conversation took place through an interpreter, of which the following is a précis:—

The Governor: "King, I am glad to see you." The interpreter interprets, and the King solemnly inclines his head. The Governor: "King, you have come a great distance." Another interpretation, followed by a second inclination of the head. The Governor: "King, I hope the journey has not fatigued you?" There is no answer to this, and the unfortunate Governor falls back upon the weather, and then on inquiries about the silent potentate's wives and daughters, but without getting the slightest rise. At last, in despair, he asks: "O King, have you anything to say?" This draws him, and he answers: "When the father speaks, the child listens and is silent"; and then, just as the Governor is beginning to despair, after a pause continues: "In times past we were enemies one to another. Now I would that by-gones should be by-gones." "Very right, very proper," answers the Governor. And then at last his Majesty comes to the point, and says: "I have come to place my territory under your protection." "Delighted, my dear King; very sensible indeed; you couldn't do better," his Excellency replies in undiplomatic language, and orders up the champagne.

The book ends, as is proper, with an account of a comparatively exciting incident. Bertram is ordered to a place called St. Thomé, and they neglect to tell him that his steamer is in. Con-

sequently he nearly misses it, which would have involved a three months' stay at Accra. But he is equal to the occasion; he presses the post-boat, gains the vessel just in time, and the book abruptly ends.

THE SAÔNE.*

MR. HAMERTON'S account of the navigable Saône is the graceful and readable work of an easy and unaffected writer. The digressions which suit a lazy and meandering subject never degenerate into tedious or ill-placed moralizing. The most light-hearted of the gay and young may read *The Saône* without suspecting that it contains a good deal of interesting thought, and even sad and serious reflection. There is something in the book to catch most people in some mood or other. Every person, even the most unlikely and the most unenterprising, can fancy himself at times floated down a picturesque foreign stream, cheered by pleasant society, "country wine," country inns, and an unwonted freedom from duties and engagements. Whether he would step with pleasure from dream to reality is another thing; and it is pretty certain that few could give so well-ordered and agreeable an account of their experience as Mr. Hamerton has given. His book leaves a stimulating after-flavour of open-air exercise enjoyed without stupidity, and of rough living judiciously purged of useless brutality or hardship. With apparently unstudied art, indications of scenery, studies of human character, and pictures of life and manners are woven into the story of the voyage. Mr. Hamerton describes landscape without going into useless particulars, without, in fact, burying his impressions in a prolix inventory of haphazard facts. He has the embracing eye of the painter for an effect, and a skilful writer's choice of language to compel the reader's sympathy in the right direction. When dealing with people and the dramatic element, Mr. Hamerton shows himself no less broad and picturesque in treatment. The friends and companions of his voyage are neatly and kindly touched in, while his sketches of the population of the country and the river are admirably simple and true. Mr. Hamerton possesses a real insight into the character of the Frenchman, and fully distinguishes him from the Paris Cockney. He distinguishes the good points of the French, extracts the fine metal of their philosophy, and captures the very turn of their thoughts and expressions. He knows what makes them possible people to the stranger, and companionable perhaps more than any other race.

Four maps and a hundred and forty-eight pen-and-ink drawings illustrate the expedition. Of these a hundred and two are original drawings by Mr. Joseph Pennell, twenty-four compositions by Mr. Pennell after Mr. Hamerton, nineteen original works by Mr. Hamerton; while three are drawings by Mr. Hamerton after Messrs. Jules Chevrier and J. P. Pettitt. Mr. Pennell's work, as might be expected, shines in the qualities of elegance, taste, and judicious finish. He seems to have surpassed all his previous achievements in daintiness of style and fineness of workmanship. He has found some quaint compositions, chosen from unusual points of view, wherewith to illustrate the appearance of the river seen from the end of a gang of barges. In the foreground you see a barge on which you are supposed to be standing. Beneath your feet rise the tents of the travellers, and a long perspective leads your eye up the chain of boats and past the tug with its black smoke and funnel to the queerly-shaped poplars on the banks diminished by distance. Of the large drawings, that entitled "On the Canal near Savoyeux" seems the most remarkable for exquisite and fairy-like finish. Perhaps the most charming of all, however, are numerous small vignettes scattered throughout the pages of the book, "A House-Boat," "Ecuellen," and two or three more in the same letter may be taken as among the best examples of this style of work.

Mr. Hamerton has written his book in the easy style of familiar letters addressed to Mr. Richmond Seeley, his "friend and publisher." These stand in the place of chapters, and allow the writer greater latitude and more intimacy in the treatment of his subject. The voyage divided itself naturally into two sections. The upper part of the river from Corre to Châlons was navigated in a long narrow barge, called a *berichon*, as, from the character of the river and the lack of inns, a small sailing-boat would have been objectionable. From Châlons to Lyons Mr. Hamerton descended the Saône with his son and nephew in his own steel catamaran, the *Arar*. The first part of the book is full of anecdotes of the travellers, their "Pilot," their "Patron," their domestic arrangements on the barge, their methods of killing time, and their passages of diplomacy and courtesy with bargemen, gendarmes, and other officials. The whole history of their difficulties with the authorities on the question of sketching is given at full length. Mr. Hamerton and Mr. Pennell appear to have been pleased beyond their expectation by the civil breeding of the people on the barges with whom they came in contact. We have found like instances of courtesy, merriment, and good temper in the course of a voyage by barge with the chain-gang on the Seine. Even in England the barges is not altogether morose. The wherryman on the Norfolk Broads is a tolerably decent, if not pleasant, sort of being, and it is only in some places further north that we have seen the bad reputation of the barges at all amply justified. Whoever cares for boatbuilding and sailing, and

* On a Surf-Bound Coast; or, Cable-laying in the African Tropics. By Archer P. Crouch, B.A., Oxon. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1887.

* The Saône: a Summer Voyage. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. London: Seeley & Co. 1887.

consequently for the atmosphere of controversy and "shop" which surrounds them, will surely enjoy the account of the second part of the expedition. Not that such matters assume undue importance; Mr. Hamerton is too good an artist in any way to destroy the balance of his book. One is led as neatly and naturally into the subject of boats and boating as into that of the buildings, monuments, and the history of the country. The information is given neither out of place nor of too great length.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

VII.

HAWTHORNE'S *Tanglewood Tales*, illustrated by G. W. Edwards (Chatto & Windus), is a capital book for young people, though Mr. Edwards is a little unequal at times in imparting vigorous life to the Greek myths so admirably re-told by Hawthorne. He is most successful in depicting Antæus, Hercules, and the Pygmies, and in the story of Theseus and the Minotaur. His giants are excellent monsters, the quality of Talus, for instance, being cleverly expressed in the drawing, p. 25. *From Pharaoh to Fellah* (Gardner, Darton, & Co.) is a lively and discursive volume on Egypt and the Egyptians, written by Mr. C. F. Moberly Bell, and illustrated by M. Montbard with considerable crispness and vivacity. Author and artist, indeed, show a remarkable accord in their agreeable record of a voyage from Alexandria to Cairo and up the Nile to Assouan. Though a little flippant here and there, the book is neither dull nor dry, and with M. Montbard's clever sketches of the Nile Valley and its inhabitants deserves a popular reception. Mr. Bell, however, ought not to speak of Shelley's Nile sonnet as an "Ode to the Nile," and his criticism of this poem shows a curious ineptitude. *Egypt*, by R. Phené Spiers (Batsford), is a volume of ink-photo reproductions of water-colours drawn by the architect some twenty years since when a "travelling student" of the Royal Academy. This is an interesting and valuable memorial volume of Egypt, past and present. The changes brought about by destruction or excavation since 1866 in Cairo and elsewhere may be thoroughly realized by consulting these careful and effective drawings of temples, mosques, bazaars, and street architecture. Geological teaching is never better adapted to the requirements of the young than when it takes the interesting form of topography, illustrated by practical exposition and good woodcuts. *Our Earth and its Story*, edited by Robert Brown (Cassell & Co.), though described in a popular treatise on physical geography, and obviously addressed to the reading public, is precisely the book to attract studious boys who might be repelled by the ordinary text-books. Earthquakes, volcanoes, glaciers, geysers, tidal waters, and the more strenuous forces of nature concerned in the earth's formation and material surface are discussed in a popular and comprehensive spirit by Mr. Brown, and illustrated by many excellent woodcuts and coloured plates, diagrammatic sections, and maps. Mr. William J. Rolfe, the editor of a handsome illustrated American edition of *The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott* (Boston: Ticknor & Co.), directs attention to the corrupt texts of the poet circulated during the last fifty years. His observations apply with equal force to cheap editions of other popular poets than Scott, and everybody must commend his determination to give an accurate version. Though rather awkward to hold in the hand, the present volume is a charming gift-book, and is profusely illustrated with woodcuts skilfully executed from drawings by artists whose names are not given, among whom Mr. A. B. Frost may be mentioned. A good reproduction of Raeburn's portrait forms the frontispiece. Both in type and engravings the volume is a model of careful printing. Next to a veracious text of Scott's writings, nothing could be more welcome to the lovers of Scott than an agreeable book about Scott's country, and this is provided in *Glimpses of the Land of Scott* (Virtue & Co.), by David Hannay, with illustrations by John McWhirter, A.R.S.A. Mr. Hannay does not supply an accompaniment to Mr. McWhirter's drawings, nor does his topographical and historical commentary deal individually with the artist's work by way of exposition, which, indeed, is what these landscape studies do not require. His treatment of the subject shows a discreet blending of comment and description. Readers of Scott must be satisfied by his knowledge of the poet and his country, and the tourist will find his impressions of the borderland full of interest, and his suggestions as to walking trips a real service. The third volume, just issued, of John Leech's *Pictures of Life and Character* (Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.) comprises the most typical and representative work contributed to *Punch* by the most delightful and fertile of humorous artists. The volume immortalizes the era of croquet and crinoline, of Dundreary and the old genuine barrel-organ, and of many another bygone phase of English society, which, but for Leech's facile pencil and brilliant gifts, might have long since perished out of memory. Here are the memorable exploits of Mr. Briggs in the Highlands, the delightful connoisseur who would take his curaçoa "in a moog," the peerless James whose calves have attracted a hungry costermonger's donkey, the organ-grinder of every conceivable degree of fiendish malice, and a hundred other irresistible examples. Not many cricketers will now understand the allusion to "a hoover of Jackson" (p. 59) appended to the amusing sketch of the suffering cricketer "The Pride of the Village," and not a few similar proofs might be cited of the value of these drawings as

chronicles of men and manners. Thus they are documents of the highest interest to the present generation, apart from their inimitable humour and rich variety.

One of the most popular of the Ingoldsbys Legends, the story of the little vulgar boy who cruelly victimized the benevolent Mr. Simpkinson at Margate, is illustrated by Mr. Ernest Jessop, in a style less elaborate than the artist's previous illustrations to Ingoldsbys. The subject of the ballad, *Misadventures at Margate* (Eyre & Spottiswoode), does not suggest the rich and quaint pictorial annotation of the text employed by Mr. Jessop in the *Lay of St. Aloys* and the *Jackdaw of Rheims*. Nevertheless the new venture is full of freshness and spirit. It shows also that the artist's powers are capable of new departures in humour. A translation of De la Motte Fouqué's *Undine*, illustrated by Heywood Sumner, with an introduction by Julia Cartwright (Chapman & Hall), is noteworthy for good editing and good taste in all that relates to externals. Mr. Sumner's designs are in most instances sympathetic, graceful, and extremely happy in illustrating the spiritual elements of his theme. The beautiful figures of Undine in the two drawings for the title-page are of high artistic merit, remarkable for felicitous symbolism and expressive design. The one personifies the light-hearted naiad with flowing hair, encompassed by water-lilies; the other represents Undine endowed with a soul, reverent and meek, embowered by the interlacing thorn-like spurs of love-in-a-mist. Miss Cartwright, in a well-written introductory article, discusses the mythical and analogical legends that bear on the theme of Fouqué's charming romance and its true source in the writings of Paracelsus. Few readers of *Sintram*, however, will agree with her that Fouqué's immortality depends solely upon the enduring popularity of *Undine*.

Even the insatiable appetite of boys for tales of adventure must be completely appeased, to judge by the variety and number of this season's literature. Mr. G. Manville Fenn's *Mother Carey's Chicken* (Blackie & Son) is one of the briskest and brightest of sea stories, full of astonishing incidents and exciting perils on the high seas and in the Eastern Tropics. The "Chicken" is the good ship *Black Petrel*, and, true to her name, she is attended by portentous signs and adventures throughout her voyage. Every boy will enjoy this lively book, and envy the full catalogue of thrilling experiences that fall to the boy hero, Mark Strong. Mr. Alfred St. Johnston's *Twyercross's Redemption* (Arrowsmith) abounds in vivid pictures of Ceylon, and amazing adventures; but its inception is incredible, and the whole structure of the story rests on an impossible base. Even if we could credit the existence of so feeble a father as Colonel Twyercross, unable to prevent his youthful son from consorting with blackguards, it would be impossible to accept the heroine, a young lady who masquerades in boy's clothes with the assent of her father and his, and finally redeems the scapegrace. We have received from Mr. Paterson *Stories of the Conquests of Mexico and Peru*, an abstract from Prescott, by Mr. William Dalton; *Columbus and the Discovery of America*, by Mr. H. P. Dunster; and *Young Benjamin Franklin*, by Mr. Henry Mayhew. The last is based on Franklin's *Autobiography* to a certain extent; but Mr. Mayhew endeavours to construct a story in narrating Franklin's career that will interest boys in the didactic aims of "Franklinian philosophy." This laudable object is realized with fair success, though it is certain that not every boy will find this somewhat singular book a pure delight to read. *Westminster Cloisters*, by M. Bidder (Gardner, Darton, & Co.), is a story of the reign of the lion-hearted Richard, the hero of which is a young novice in the monastery of St. Peter's, Westminster, who is a skilful illuminator of missals and chants. The pictures of ecclesiastical life are wrought with a good deal of force and picturesque realism, and the principal historical characters are cleverly depicted. The story of the young artist's ambition, and its pathetic results, is decidedly interesting and well-told. Papyllion, the sly scheming Abbot, who interviews Prince John when he visits the Abbey in disguise, and is in league with him, is a capable sketch of character. A new edition of the Rev. J. G. Wood's *Illustrated Natural History* (Routledge) needs no recommendation. The present volume is a version, in condensed form, of the author's original and larger work. *Insect Ways on Summer Days*, by Jennett Humphreys (Blackie & Son), is a really happy and original essay in the art of making natural history interesting to children. As the jingling title proclaims, this amusing little book deals with entomology; and, though it may not make naturalists of young people, it ought to make them happy by the brightness and charm of style of its teaching. *Peter Parley's Annual* (Ben George), though less varied than of old, contains this season some lively stories and essays suitable to schoolboys.

A Garland for Girls, by Louisa M. Alcott (Blackie), is a collection of short stories as charming as the pretty flower-titles of the author's choice. The difficulties of home rule in certain domestic circumstances are forcibly portrayed in *By Order of Queen Maude*, by Louisa Crow (Blackie). Maude Coryton is a very energetic and somewhat trying young lady, with the instincts of governing, but without the necessary tact and suavity. She means well, and eventually learns better than her high and mighty ways promised. *On the Banks of the Ouse* (Seeley & Co.) is a story, by Mrs. Marshall, of life in Olney in the days of Cowper, Mrs. Unwin, and John Newton, all of whom figure in the book, though in a somewhat shadowy fashion. The story is skilfully constructed, and the Bedfordshire county and folk are effectively presented. The illustrations of Olney, Lavendon, Weston, and other places associated with the memory of Cowper enhance the

interest of a book that owes much, as the author acknowledges, to Mr. Thomas Wright's local history, *The Town of Cowper. Play and Earnest*, by Mrs. O'Reilly (Routledge), is a pretty story of the adventures of two children, brother and sister, who make-believe to find themselves in wild unknown lands among savages when they are on wholesome English soil. *Miss Margery's Ways*, by J. A. Lefroy (Smith & Innes), introduces us to the diary of a young lady whose ways are almost as surprising as the plenitude of her confidences. Among our new editions are *The Children of the New Forest*, by Captain Marryat, with illustrations by Sir John Gilbert and Paul Hardy (Routledge); *Mistress Matchett's Mistake*, by Mrs. Marshall (Nisbet); *Ramona*, by Helen Jackson (Macmillan), and *The Young Lady's Book* (Routledge). We have also received *Cross Corners*, by Anna Warner (Nisbet); *Dulcie's Little Brother*, by Evelyn Everett-Green (Nelson); *Frank*, by Maria Edgeworth (Routledge); *Armour-Clad*, by Gertrude P. Dyer (Shaw & Co.), and *If Wishes were Horses, Beggars would Ride*, by M. Seymour (Hogg).

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE history of the small Courts of Italy during the eighteenth century has perhaps engaged less attention proportionately than any other division of the European chronicle, and it is not surprising that "researchers" ever more hard put to it to find a spot of comparatively virgin ground to research in, should betake themselves thereto. We noticed the other day an account of the Infanta-Duchess of Parma in the second quarter of the century. Here is a sketch, not of a French princess, but of a French Minister (1) at the same Court in the third quarter, somewhat later. Guillaume du Tillot, who served his apprenticeship at Madrid, was not a person of exalted birth, and perhaps he was all the more acceptable (though he was not particularly acceptable to his immediate superiors, who tried to get rid of him by bravos and in other ways) at least in some respects as a Minister. He seems to have been a man of ability, though the theatre on which he played was too small to give much scope for it.

M. Gustave d'Eichthal (2), a learned Philhellene, whose scattered papers have been collected and prefaced with a pleasant notice by that still more learned Philhellene and mediævalist, the Marquis de Queux de St.-Hilaire, was a Bavarian Jew by extraction, but the son of a naturalized Frenchman. He was more than eighty when he died a short time ago, and he came in for the Saint-Simonian side of the ferment of 1830. It is well known that both before and after that date France was violently Philhellene, and M. d'Eichthal, whose fortune permitted him to do pretty much what he liked, took next to Phelihellenism, a betterism than the other, if still not a very wise one. He had also sufficient originality to strike out a little mania of his own, which was the adoption of Greek as the universal language. Certainly one might have many a worse, and from those of us who know the tongue there is likely to be no great objection to it, except that, apparently, we are to be bound to speak, not the classical tongue, but the mongrel patois of modern Greece. But how the people who don't know Greek would have taken the success of M. d'Eichthal's fad we cannot say. The papers of which the volume consists range in point of subjects and persons concerned from the Cobden Club to Emeritus Professor Blackie, and from Voltaire to Mr. Gladstone.

Professor Förster, in the course of his attempt at an edition of the complete works of Chrestien de Troyes (3) (and we only wish that more mediæval scholars would aim at complete editions, instead of at piecemeal and haphazard issues), has come to the *Chevalier au Lion*, the best known (from Dr. Holland's excellent edition) of the whole, if not the best. The poem is a really charming example of the earlier *roman d'aventures*, as it partly formed and partly branched off from the Arthurian cycle; and even those who have it on their shelves already (they are not, we fear, very many in England) may welcome a fresh issue.

The *Annales de l'école libre des sciences politiques* always gives a good share of attention to England, its editor-in-chief, M. Boutmy, being well affected to and well acquainted with our nation. He himself has in the current number a paper on the State and the Individual in England which is worth reading.

Few in comparison are the rides on Pegasus now taken in France, and fewer still are those of the riders who direct that fiery steed northwards across the Channel. This is not the first work of M. Nollée de Nodwez (4) that we have seen, and we cannot but wish that the author's excellent intentions had been crowned with greater success. His shortcomings in this way, however, he no doubt cannot help. But he could have helped prefixing a preface attacking poets who put form before everything. A poet may do that, no doubt; but he should make sure that his own form is quite irreproachable before doing it. And we cannot quite say that of M. Nollée de Nodwez. If we may believe one of those discreetly indiscreet prefaces which it is the fashion to get written in France, "Jean Bertheroy" (5)

is a woman. And the preface writer, M. Hippolyte Fournier, informs us that her volume nevertheless contains "puissante virilité," "nostalgies d'idéal," and so forth. In fact, *tout le tremblement* of the usual *réclame*. This kind of thing is a pity, for it sets the reader against the book, in which there are really some pretty verses, if nothing very original. Jean Bertheroy has the, for a French poet, proper hatred of England (the fact is that your French poet ought to hate England just as your English poet ought to despise France); she is very severe on "L'Angleterre allemande," which for "soixante ans" (thank Heaven! it used to be seven centuries, and Jean Bertheroy has knocked off six hundred and forty years at a blow!) has martyred Ireland. Also, in a poem entitled "Poor's Rate," she tells how a Lord, full of *morgue* and of *esprit* (si un Anglais peut avoir de l'esprit?), "stiff as a Sepoy," rolls past a beggar on London Bridge in his armoriated chariot (it must have gone along dreadfully slow) and says, *I have paid for him not to die*. The construction is a little unusual; but the fact is undoubted, and the Lord stiff as a Sepoy seems to us (unless he was a defaulter with the taxgatherer) to have remarked the simple truth. M. Moreau's prize poem (6) (for it is a prize poem) is interesting because it shows how idle is the remark which we sometimes hear that Hugo's influence is dead. This poem, academically crowned, is pure Hugo—that is, as pure as you make that mixture at second-hand.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

MANY books have been written on the American Civil War, especially from the Northern side, the majority of which either represent the views of military men, or certain broad principles of policy decidedly coloured by partisan spirit. *Life in the Confederate Army*, by William Watson (Chapman & Hall), is the work of one whose position and opinions during the great struggle differed altogether from those of most writers on the causes and results of the war. It records the impressions of an indifferent foreigner, who served the Southern Confederacy with no ardour for the cause of separation, and with absolute dislike for the objects of Secessionists and profound distrust of their policy. He took up arms, as many another man did, as a protest against what he calls the base and deceitful treatment of the loyal and law-abiding people of the South by the Federal Government. His statement of what he witnessed during a brief period of active service and his observations of the progress of the Secession movement are couched in cold and entirely unvarnished language. Not to admire is all the art he shows in his plain and unvarnished narrative. He does, indeed, speak of Lee and Farragut with admiration, but throughout his volume we find that his unbiased attitude towards both belligerent parties enhances the veracity and force of his impressions. He was not in the heat of the strife in Virginia and Maryland, but he saw enough to make his record worth the reading, and he possesses the ability to make that record interesting. There is no doubt that neither Buchanan nor Lincoln was fully informed as to the exact extent of the sentiment of Unionism in the South, the government of the former being particularly unfortunate in exasperating those who were loyal to the Federal ideal. One other point is suggested by this unpretentious book. The history of the war has yet to be written. No unprejudiced person can doubt this who compares the various and interesting papers that have appeared in the *Century* with, let us say, the collections of the Richmond Historical Society. We have several valuable military contributions to the history of the Secession War; but these and other volumes bearing on the question savour too much of conflict, and still await the coming historian.

My Life and Ballooning Experiences, by Henry Coxwell (Allen & Co.), is a vastly amusing and instructive book, partly biographical and partly embodying the theories and practical suggestions of a distinguished aeronaut. Mr. Coxwell began to construct Mongolfiers in extreme youth with the proceeds of his pocket-money, and the first ascent he witnessed was that of the famous Mr. Green in 1828 at Rochester. He gives a lively account of his boyhood among the aspiring youth of Chatham, assisted Green on one occasion in an exciting descent, and was greatly depressed one Whit Monday at the Surrey Gardens on learning that the great balloonist required a fee of twenty pounds from any one who wished to accompany him. His first ascent was from the White Conduit Gardens, Pentonville, in 1844, when "Mr. Wells of Birmingham" accompanied Mr. Hampton on a majestic voyage into Essex. Many thrilling ventures succeeded, as all the world knows, and few more remarkable than one from Vauxhall with Albert Smith in 1847, when the balloon fell prematurely in some scaffolding at Pimlico. To these reminiscences, which are only an instalment of autobiography, Mr. Coxwell appends two very interesting chapters on military ballooning and notable ascents during this century, the last of which includes a stirring description of an ascent of over five miles by Messrs. Green and Rush, when the first two miles were made in seven minutes. Mr. Coxwell's readers are certain to welcome his second volume.

The Diamond Lens, and other Stories, by Fitz-James O'Brien (Ward & Downey), edited, with a memoir, by William Winter, is a reprint of very striking and original tales of grotesque fancy and

(1) *Un valet ministre*. Par Charles Nisard. Paris: Ollendorff.

(2) *La langue grecque*. Par Gustave d'Eichthal. Paris: Hachette.

(3) *Der Löwenritter von Chrestien von Troyes*. Herausgegeben von Wendelin Förster. Halle: Niemeyer. London: Nutt.

(4) *Chenouchées poétiques sur Pégase*. Par Jules Nollée de Nodwez. Paris: Plon.

(5) *Vibrations*. Par Jean Bertheroy. Paris: Ollendorff.

(6) *Pallas Athéné*. Par E. Moreau. Paris: Ollendorff.

imagination that are better known in America than in England, and ought to be widely read in this country. It is surprising, indeed, that no English publishers have long since issued O'Brien's stories in a cheap and handy form. We must go to the best work of Hoffman and Poe for anything comparable with their ingenuity of invention and recondite quality of fancy, and find, withal, O'Brien's personality as an artist unaffected by so exacting a test.

For the "Clarendon Press Series" Dr. George Birkbeck Hill has edited and annotated Johnson's *History of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia* (Oxford: Clarendon Press), prefacing an analytical commentary on the text that is worthy of the accomplished editor of *Boswell*, with a memoir that is a model of condensation. The notes also are of the right kind for the young student's needs, with one inapt exception perhaps—a passage from *Modern Painters*, in which Dr. Hill emphasizes a curious error in syntax, quoted *à propos* to the noble passage on "the business of a poet" (p. 62).

Dean Stanley's *Sermons for Children* (Murray) is a volume of short practical sermons, simple and earnest in illustration and style, preached in Westminster Abbey between 1871 and 1881. Four of these, belonging to the latter year, treat of the Beatitudes. They are extremely characteristic of the author, and interesting also, apart from their purity of expression and genial liberality of tone, as being the last utterances of the preacher from the pulpit.

Mr. Austin Pember appears as a censor of the education of the well-to-do in a little book entitled *Cresus Minor: his Education and its Results* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) Whether his account of "Those who teach" has any tincture of caricature we will not undertake to decide; but it is calculated to amaze parents and guardians. As to *Cresus Minor*, it is surprising he is so good a fellow as we find him to be, after undergoing the unhealthy hot-house training which Mr. Pember describes. We cordially agree with Mr. Pember that the object of public school education is not "to educate a John Stuart Mill." It is a common fallacy with "educationists" to over-estimate the influence of school education in determining a man's career, whereas it is notorious that the man of distinction is frequently evolved in spite of education. Three thousand pounds seems a sad sum to expend on *Cresus Minor*, if seventy per cent. of his class accord in the end with Mr. Pember's depressing picture; but it is doubtful if a third of the amount would make a better man of him. Educational theorists neglect somewhat in their calculation the forces of nature.

The "pricking of the thumbs" is a familiar symptom of the approach or presence of something unknown that intimately concerns the sufferer. A singular instance of a similar occult influence is recorded in *The Life and Death of the Ven. Edmund Gennings* (Burns & Oates), a narrative drawn from a book printed at St. Omers in 1614, written by John Gennings. Edmund Gennings, a Catholic priest, "crowned with martyrdom at London," as the original title has it, in the year 1591, is described as journeying to London from the North with the object of discovering his brother John, who was at the time a Protestant and loyal subject of his Queen, and whom, by the way, he had not seen since he was a child. One morning, near St. Paul's, "he suddenly felt a strange sensation in his body, so much that his face glowed and, as he thought, his hair stood on end; and, all joints trembling from fear, his whole body seemed to be bathed in a cold sweat." Naturally he thought some evil was near, but could perceive nothing but a stranger in a "brown-coloured cloak." Not long after the fit recurred on Ludgate Hill, the same youth in the brown cloak reappeared, and was discovered to be his brother. Among the curious cuts that illustrate the book is one that represents this strange meeting.

God's Englishmen, edited by the Rev. C. W. Stubbs (S. P. C. K.), is a questionably titled volume of bright and stirring historical lectures addressed to working-men by the editor, the Rev. Brooke Lambert and the Rev. Ronald Bayne. Alfred, William Langland, Sir Thomas More, are among the great Englishmen discussed.

We have received a selection of *Essays of Steele and Addison*, edited by Walter Lewin for the "Camelot Series" (Walter Scott); Gray's *Poems* in the pretty and handy "Pocket Library" of Messrs. Routledge; *Flower-Land*, an easy introduction to botany, by the Rev. Robert Fisher (Heywood); Vol. XVI. of the cheap edition of Mrs. Horace Dobell's *In the Watches of the Night* (Remington); the "Pocket Volume" edition of *Harold* (Routledge); and a new illustrated edition of *King Solomon's Mines* (Cassell & Co.)

With reference to an article headed "Legality, Morality, and Publishing," which appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW of October 15, we think it right, in justice to Mr. GEORGE SMITH, to say that the article, in so far as it contained references to himself and his firm in connexion with the publication of Thackeray's Letters, requires modification by the light since thrown upon the matter by published correspondence.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE.—In consequence of the sudden Death of Professor ROBERTSON, the RE-OPENING of the College will be POSTPONED until Wednesday, January 11, 1888.
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